★Sept. 13, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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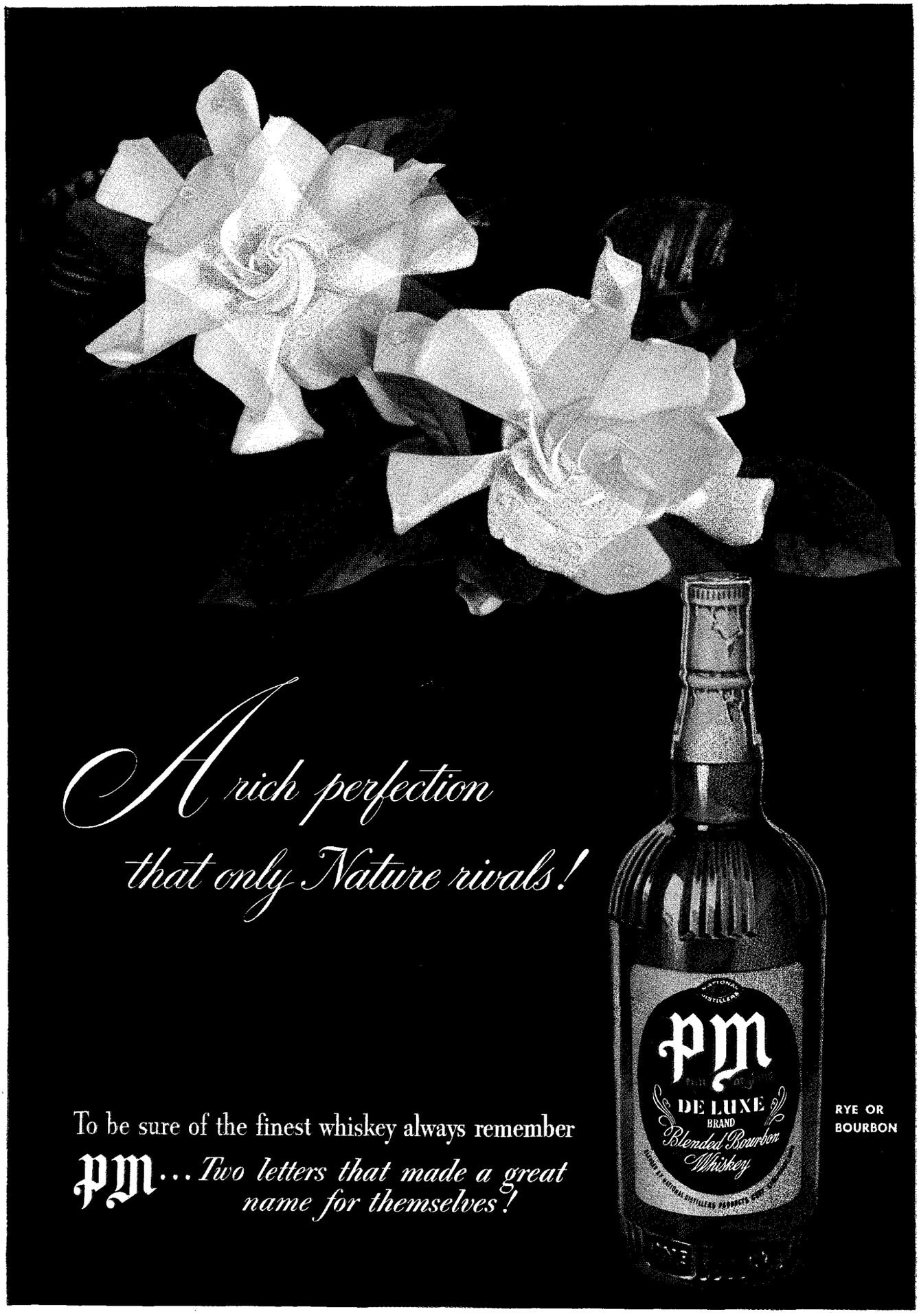
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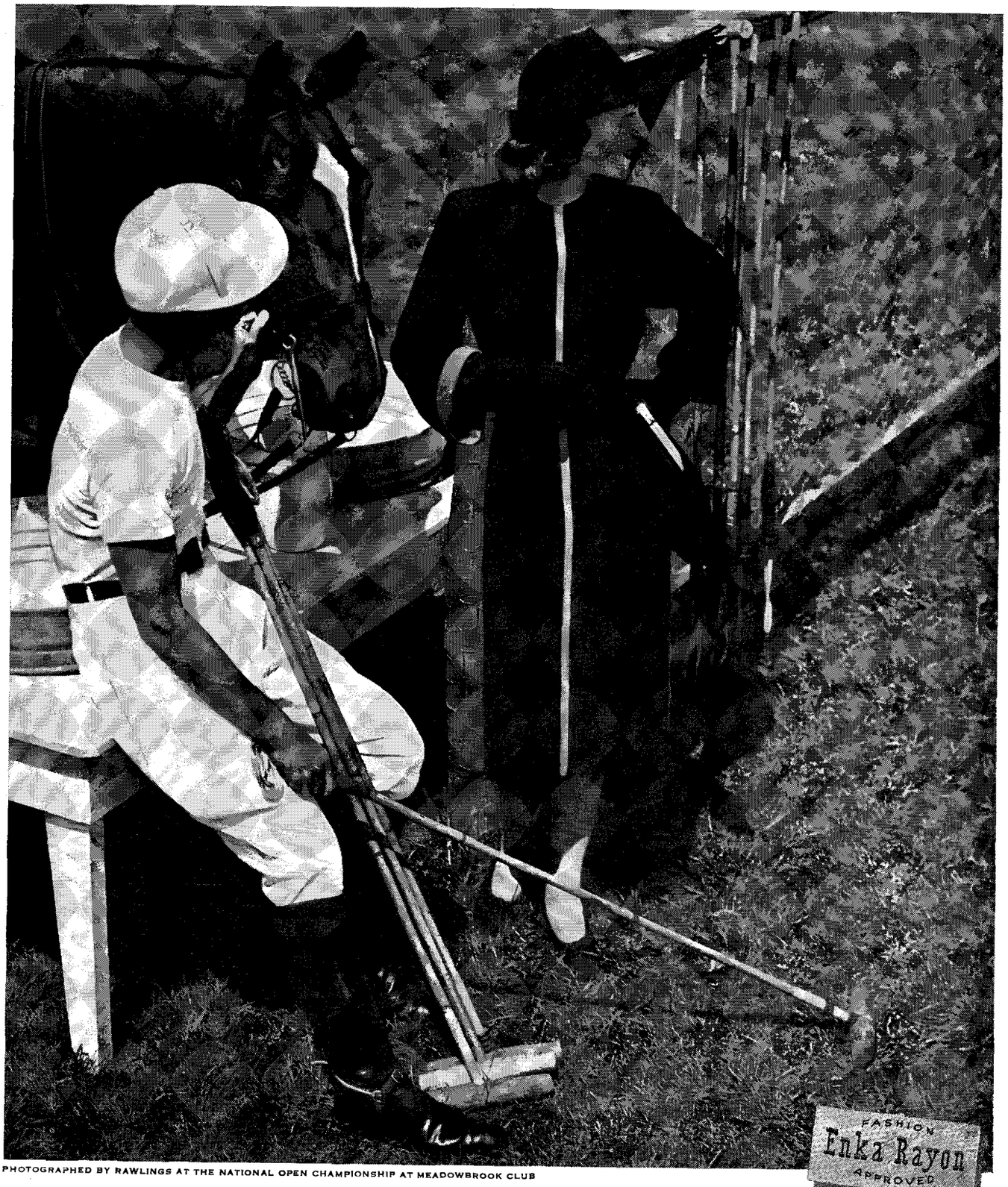

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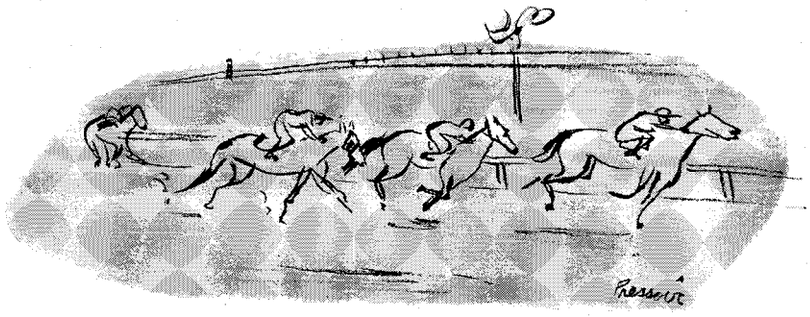
GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always beautifully acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat., Thurs., Sept. 11.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties, and a very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. Margalo Gillmore and Percy Waram are playing Mother and Father at the moment, filling in for Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay, who will return to the cast on Mon., Sept. 15. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Village Green—Frank Craven in a clean and rather aimless little piece about a New Hampshire politician who gets mixed up with modern art. He is abetted by his son, John, Matt Briggs, Perry Wilson, and Laura Pierpont. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:50. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Sept. 14, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Wookey—A play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, with Edmund Gwenn, Carol Goodner, and Heather Angel. Produced by Edgar Selwyn. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is rounding out its third season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton in the original Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being very exciting and which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The new cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still one of the things you mustn't miss. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher and James Dunn are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Brother Cain—A play by Michael Kallesser and Richard Norcross. Produced by the American Civic Theatre. Opens Fri., Sept. 12. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The More the Merrier—A farce by Frank Gabrielson and Irvin Pincus, with Teddy Hart, Millard Mitchell, and J. C. Nugent. Produced by Otto L. Preminger and Norman Pincus. Opens Mon., Sept. 15. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Keep Covered—A comedy by Pat C. Flick and Michael Wallach, produced by Morris Sarnoff. Opens Tues., Sept. 16. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Ruddigore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Sept. 11 and 13, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 17-20, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A few of the more optimistic out-of-town theatres plan to keep right on through September, but don't be surprised if some of them close without warning.)

Cambridge—"The Man Who Came to Dinner," with Adrienne Ames: through Sat., Sept. 13. "No Time for Comedy," with Francis Lederer: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 15-20. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cedarhurst—"Accent on Youth," with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler: through Sun., Sept. 14. "Our Betters," with Elsa Maxwell: Tues. through Sat., Sept. 16-20. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Fitchburg—"Laff That Off": through Sat., Sept. 13. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20.)

Great Neck—"Blind Alley": through Sat., Sept. 13. (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. At 9.)

Maplewood—"Autumn Crocus," with Madge Kennedy and Francis Lederer: through Sat., Sept. 13. "A Kiss for Cinderella," with Luise Rainer and Dennis King: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 15-20. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Marion—"Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Sept. 13. (Harbor Playhouse, Marion, Mass. 8:45.)

New Hope—"The Play's the Thing," with Walter Slezak and Haila Stoddard: through Sat., Sept. 13. "The Guardsman," with Louis Calhern and Haila Stoddard: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 15-20. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Roslyn—"The Male Animal": through Sat., Sept. 13. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. At 9.)

Skowhegan—"Paris Bound": through Sat., Sept. 13. "Gas Light": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 15-20. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Westboro—"Her Cardboard Lover," with Tallulah Bankhead: through Sat., Sept. 13. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Scheduled to reopen on Wed., Sept. 17, as a sign to the faithful that autumn's about here. Chauncey

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVII, No. 31, September 13, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $5.00; Pan-America and Spain, $5.50; Canada, $6.00; Other Foreign, $7.00.

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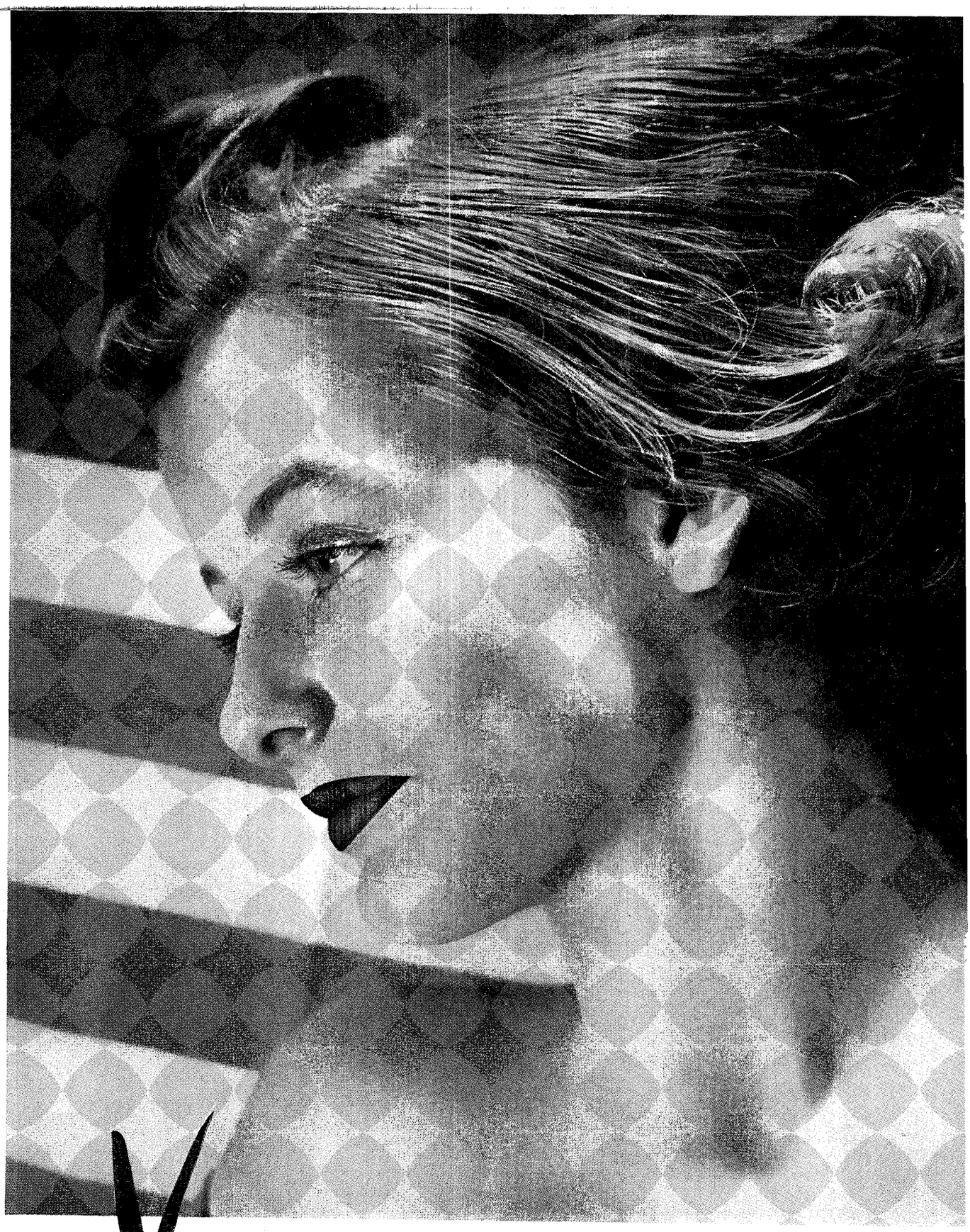

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's summer place is now going into its first fall season. John Kirby's orchestra is going along with it.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show at Rockefeller Center's lofty lookout is headed by José Fernandez. Ozzie Caswell's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band are also present.... Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is currently offering Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Howard Lally's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Lounge, where, beginning Fri., Sept. 12, you'll find John Hoysradt, too.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Kitty Carlisle is singing there, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who now plays for all kinds of dancing.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time; Joseph C. Smith's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, heads the list of entertainers.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing, with such expert Negro specialists as Hazel Scott and, through Mon., Sept. 15, Ammons and Johnson. Beginning Tues., Sept. 16, Count Basie's band will be there too.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Bob Chester's orchestra and a rumba band will be playing on the Roof until it closes on Sat., Sept. 20.... **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band will be on the Roof until it closes on Sat., Sept. 13. The following Mon., Heatherton's orchestra will move downstairs for the opening of the Bowman Room.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but likable. No dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you may find the Calypso singers diverting. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of spot.... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with accomplished Negro entertainment, which includes Helena Horne, Teddy Wilson's band, and, beginning Tues., Sept. 16, Ammons and Johnson and the Golden Gate Quartet. Closed Mon.... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown place, with a reputation for swing currently being upheld by Joe Marsala's band.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): this unpretentious place reopened recently with Art Tatum and Red Allen's band.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80

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Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

NOTE—The Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), plans to keep on offering alfresco dining and dancing during the rest of this month.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): the show here includes Harry Richman and Phil Baker; the music is by Pancho's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.... **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Claude Thornhill's orchestra.... **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Charlie Murray's orchestra.... **MEADOWBROOK**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Benny Goodman's orchestra. Closed Mon.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some agreeable objectives for weekend wanderers (dancing only when indicated)—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... **BROOKHAVEN, L.I.**: Brook House (Bellport 394).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori's (Manhasset 1842).... **MONTAUK, L.I.**: Gurney's Inn (Montauk Point 2345).... **OAKDALE, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371).... **STONY BROOK, L.I.**: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575).... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon.; and Villa Victor (Syosset 1706).... **WESTHAMPTON, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... **AMAWALK, N.Y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984).... **COLD SPRING, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 978).... **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120).... **MT. KISCO, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324).... **NEW CITY, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981).... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371).... **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **LIME ROCK, CONN.**: Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455).... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899).... **SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.**: Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898).... **SOUTHPORT, CONN.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900).... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **ALPINE, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788).... **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70).... **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606).... **DOYLESTOWN, PA.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

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ARTEMUS L. GATES,

recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, and charged with coördinating the Army and Navy air arms. He flew in the World War and escaped after being captured by the Germans. He's a director of Pan American Airways, was one of the passengers on the first flight of the Yankee Clipper, and shares a private plane with F. Trubee Davison, his brother-in-law. Once he made history by becoming president of the New York Trust Company at the age of thirty-three.

ART

AMERICANS—At the **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Bellows, Brook, Eilshemius, Henri, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 12.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., Sept. 13, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: paintings by William Gropper, Philip Evergood, David Burliuk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS—Paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a show of works by such moderns as Werner Drewes and Chagall. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 19.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: pleasant oils by Darrel Austin and others in a selection of paintings from this gallery's shows of last season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Changes continue up here. Several of the rooms of American painting have been rearranged and redone, and many French paintings—some from the Louvre which were shown at the World's Fair in Flushing, and others never before seen in New York—have recently been hung. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

HERE AND THERE—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Edward Biberman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: water colors by Arthur B. Davies. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 26.... **VENDOME**, 23 W. 56: oils by Arrigo de Molin and Hyde Solomon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 16.... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by Ann Kocsis. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 16.

MUSIC

OPERA—The New York Grand Opera Company in "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 11; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Sept. 12; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Sept. 13; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Sept. 13; "Aïda," Mon. Eve., Sept. 15; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Tues. Eve., Sept. 16; "La Traviata," Wed. Eve., Sept. 17. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. of B'way. CI 5-9871. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—Gordon String Quartet, with Albert Spalding: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sat. Aft., Sept. 13, at 4.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 11-12, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 13, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sun. through Tues. Afts., Sept.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

14-16, at 3; Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Sept. 17-18, at 3.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Sat. Aft., Sept. 20, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Georgie Abrams vs. Tony Zale, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 12.... Ray Robinson vs. Maxie Shapiro, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 19. (Preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.)

DOG SHOWS—Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, Sat., Sept. 13, at 10 A.M.... Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sun., Sept. 14, at 10 A.M.

GOLF—Women's National Amateur, Country Club, Brookline, Mass., Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 11-12, at 2 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 13, at 10 A.M.... Metropolitan Amateur-Pro, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, daily through Sun., Sept. 14, at about 10 A.M.... New Jersey State Seniors', Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 16-18, at 9 A.M. ... Loew Cup Mixed Foursomes, Cedar Creek Club, Glen Head, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Sept. 19-21, at 10 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—New Brunswick, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 12-13, at 1:30 P.M.... Lawrence Farms Hunt Club, Mt. Kisco, Sun., Sept. 14, at 9 A.M.... Farmington Hunt Club, Charlottesville, Va., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19-20, at 9 A.M.... Plainfield Riding Club, Plainfield, N.J., Fri., Sept. 19, at 1:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 20, at 10 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sat. Aft., Sept. 20, at 2:15.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: National Open Championship, Sat., Sun., Tues., and Sun. Afts., Sept. 13, 14, 16, and 21, at 3:30; Monty Waterbury Cup Tournament starts Sat. Aft., Sept. 20, at 3:30. Special trains will leave Penn. Station at 1:50 and 2:30 P.M. on Sats., Sept. 13 and 20; at 1:49 P.M. on Sun., Sept. 14; and at 2:30 P.M. on Sun., Sept. 21.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2 P.M.; through Wed., Sept. 17. (The Beldame Handicap and the Cowdin, Sept. 13.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn. Station between 12:15 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:40 and 1:40 P.M. on other racing days.... Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M., starting Thurs., Sept. 18. (The Matron and the Lawrence Realization, Sept. 20.)

SKEET—North American Championship, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Conn., Sat., Sept. 20, at 9 A.M., and Sun., Sept. 21, at 8 A.M.

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Sat., Sept. 20, at 3 P.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; Eves. at 8:40, weather permitting; through Sat., Sept. 13. Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.

YACHTING—Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 13; American Y.C., Sat., Sept. 20.

OTHER EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS—About forty portraits by David Octavius Hill, showing some of the earliest work of this nineteenth-century master: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19.... A hundred and fifty or more pictures by some of the leading photographers of the country, assembled by the British War Relief Society and the Manhattan Camera Club: 6 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MINEOLA FAIR—Long Island's annual farm-and-village get-together, with a number of somewhat urban trimmings too: Fair Grounds, Mineola, daily through Sat., Sept. 13, 8 A.M. to 12 midnight. (Rodeo, Thurs. and Fri. Afts. at 2:15; old-fashioned cattle parade, Thurs. and Fri. Afts. at 3; midget-auto races, Sat. Aft. at 1.)

NATIONAL DEFENCE EXPOSITION—A comprehensive show of Army and Navy tanks, mosquito boats, dive-bombers, anti-aircraft devices, etc., as well as civilian air-raid defence equipment, planned as a benefit for the U.S.O. and the Office of Civilian Defence: Grand Central Palace, starting Sat., Sept. 20, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, silver, gold, and enamelled watches, and porcelains and Oriental rugs, belonging to Morton Stein, William H. Proctor, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 19-20, at 2.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

NOTE—President Roosevelt will broadcast on all major networks Thurs. Eve., Sept. 11, at 9.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG STORE—Slight snack, with the Marx Brothers, which at times shows them in all *their old fury*. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 15.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 16-20.)

BLACKOUT—British drama of spies and romance in London these days. Exciting, entertaining, and not realistic. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

CITIZEN KANE—A startling and truly remarkable and original film about a millionaire and his magnificence. Produced and directed by Orson Welles, who also plays the title rôle. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Sept. 17.)

DIVE BOMBER—Young pilots and their education in our Army, with handsome flying sequences. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are in evidence. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Sept. 18.)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Another, and hardly successful, revision of the old story, with Ingrid Bergman and Spencer Tracy. Only a few scenes will give you the proper shiver. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all, still weathering the seasons. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS—British melodrama, with Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams, about a trained nurse and some murders. Directed by Carol Reed. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 12-14.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 13-16.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN—Robert Montgomery is a deceased prizefighter and Claude Rains is a big shot in heaven. A fairly surprising film, as you can see. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Sept. 17.)

KUKAN—The bombing of Chungking and life along the Burma Road as Rey Scott found them in his travels. Excellent. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Sept. 17.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Bette Davis, with Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall, in a dramatic, highly intelligent retelling of Lillian Hellman's play of high life in the Deep South *and its tragic crises*. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 17.)

LOVE CRAZY—Myrna Loy, accompanied by William Powell through a wild series of dizzy doings in a bright comedy of marriage and madness. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

MAN HUNT—A thriller of spies and sportsmen in Germany and England just before the outbreak of the war. With Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 16-17.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO—The French film from which came our "Algiers." Though its reels are worn now, it is still of strange interest. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Sept. 12.)

SERGEANT YORK—The extremely effective sketch of the last war and of the Tennessee mountain community which produced the celebrated noncom. With Gary Cooper. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—A soothing Technicolor reconstruction of the Harold Bell Wright novel, with a fine cast that includes Betty Field, James Barton, Harry Carey, and Marjorie Main. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Sept. 15.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 12-14.)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY—A somewhat usual jewel-thief sketch, with Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. It offers some excitement, however. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Sept. 13.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., Sept. 16.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 16-17.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 17-19.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY—A delightful comic item which makes no sense at all, except to display Ginger Rogers in a pretty mood. Escorts: George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshall. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Sept. 11.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 12.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Sept. 14.... Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., Sept. 16.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Wed., Sept. 17.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery in one of those sprightly comedies with only a few limping moments. Pleasant, in general. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 18-20.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

MAID OF SALEM (1937)—The Puritan witch putsch. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 14-15.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in the old Paris. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 13-15.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 12.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 13-16.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Sept. 13.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Sept. 13.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Sept. 17.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 16-17.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS., SEPT. 11: "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906); "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 12-13: "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings (German). SUN. AND MON., SEPT. 14-15: "The Big Parade" (1925). TUES. AND WED., SEPT. 16-17: "Grass" (1925), documentary film. THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 18-19: "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "The Doctor's Secret" (1908), directed by Georges Méliès; "His Bitter Pill" (1916), a Mack Sennett comedy; and "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. SAT., SEPT. 20: four French films (1923-25).

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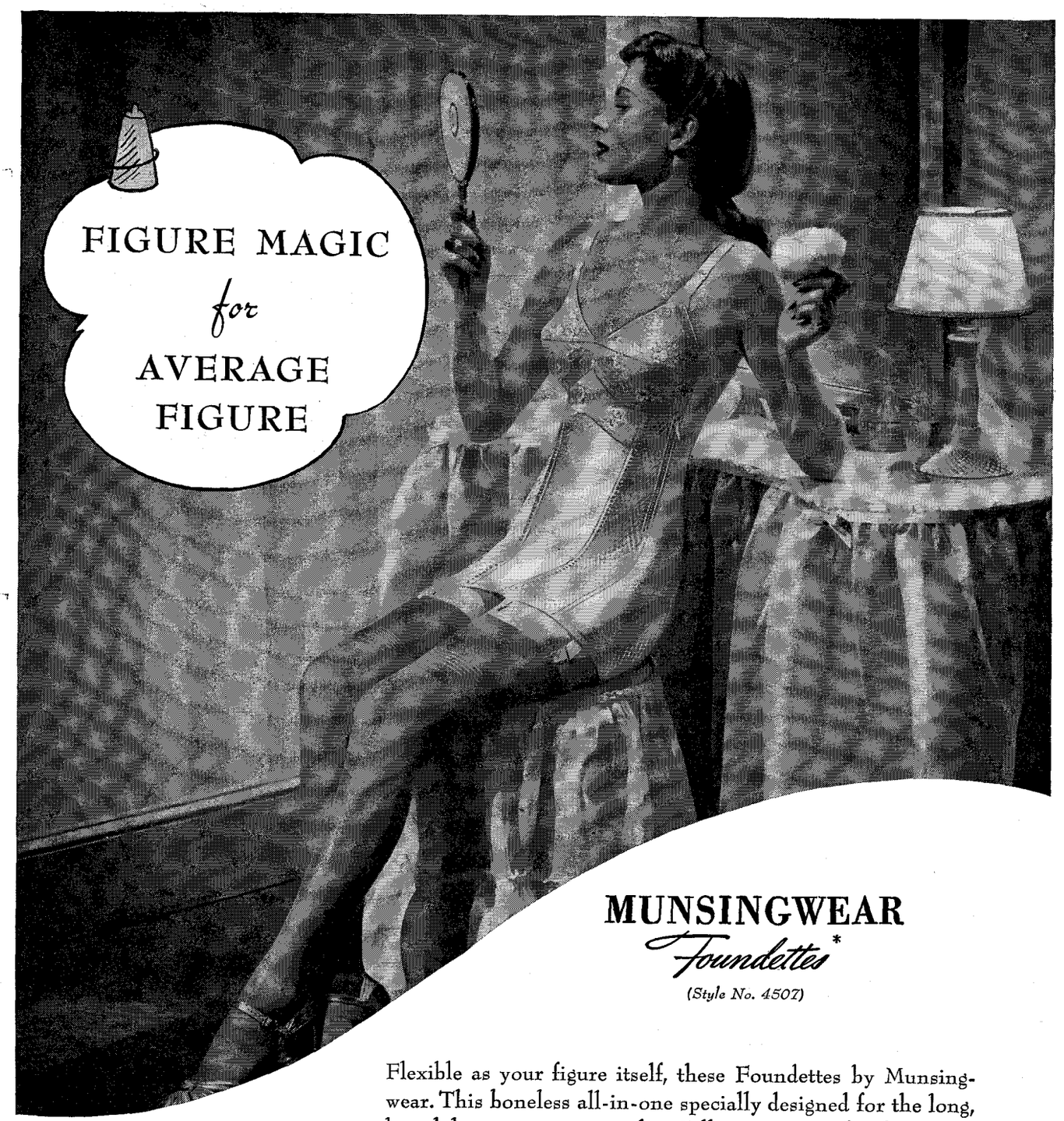

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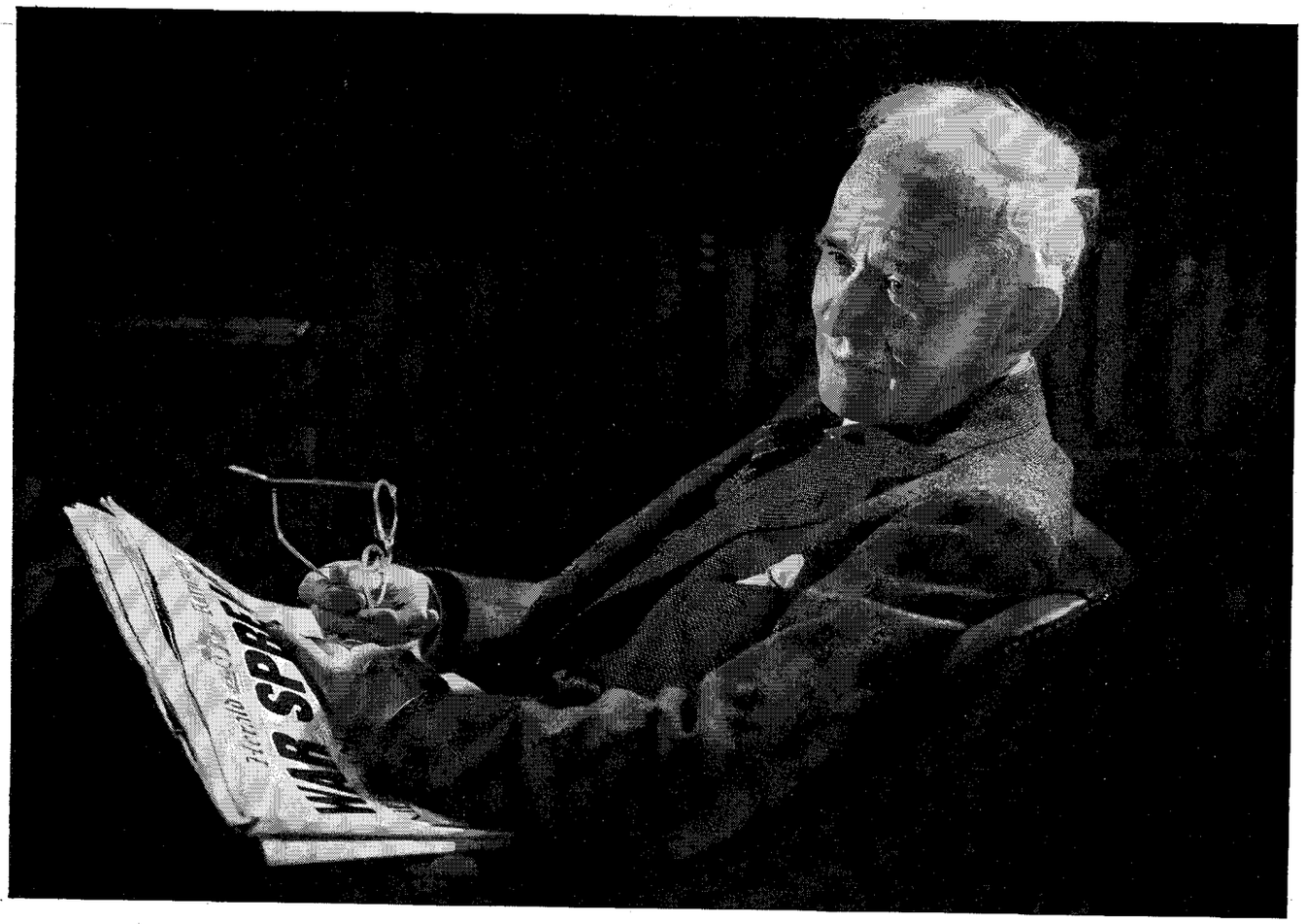


Hate and ugliness were a million miles away

HE WAS WEARY . . . completely, utterly weary of a world filled with strife and sorrow and despair.

Then he pressed a button and the world faded.

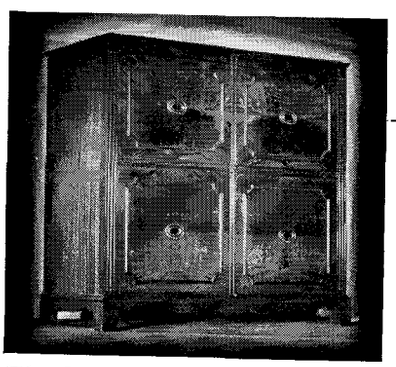
A great symphony reached out and took him away from the things that hurt . . .

THAT IS MAGIC . . . the magic of fine music when it comes to you in all its purity and richness.

That is music as Stromberg-Carlson now brings it to you . . . for the first time in radio.

Now, in your own home, you can enjoy virtually all the subtleties of tone and color you hear in the concert hall. For a Stromberg-Carlson transmits the harmonics and overtones, the high notes and low notes that radio has previously been unable to capture.

If you want a new experience in musical enjoyment . . . if you want the satisfaction of music as it was meant to be heard . . . listen to the radio Stromberg-Carlson gives you today.



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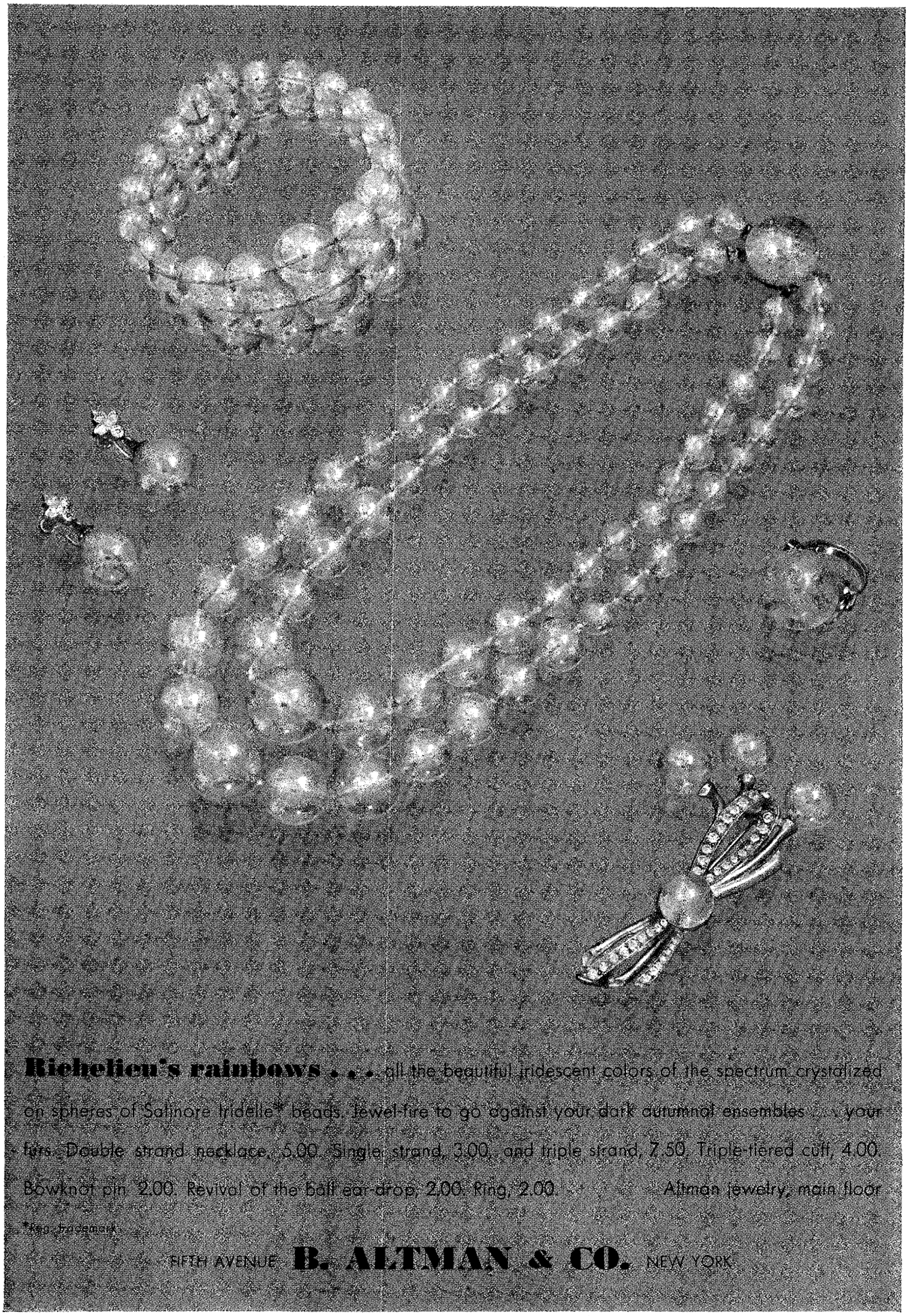

Richelieu's rainbows . . . all the beautiful iridescent colors of the spectrum crystalized on spheres of Salinore Iridelle* beads. Jewel-fire to go against your dark autumnal ensembles . . . your furs. Double strand necklace, 5.00. Single strand, 3.00, and triple strand, 7.50. Triple-tiered cuff, 4.00. Bowknot pin, 2.00. Revival of the ball ear-drop, 2.00. Ring, 2.00. Altman jewelry, main floor

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALREADY the summer tan has begun to fade on our friends' faces, leaving them yellow, giving them an odd Mongolian cast. The grass in our back yard, neglected since June, is two feet tall and it has a ragged and disconsolate air, but it is too late to do anything about that now. The first first night has come and gone, bringing the critics back from the mountains and the sea, bringing Mrs. Katzenberg and Mrs. Brulatour back, front and centre. Forest Hills was yesterday and the World Series is tomorrow and the day after that is football. Already two young men

have slugged it out in a night club, agitated by a blonde, and Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell, home from the deep, was present to report the conflict in his column. That makes it official. The season has begun.

THE bug in the current international situation, as we see it, is Joseph Stalin's lack of ambition to be an English gentleman. He is just an Oriental who sleeps in his underwear and damn well doesn't care to be anything else, and this strange indifference may ultimately imperil our safety. The Japanese have never been the same since

they broke out of their cloisters late in the nineteenth century, traded in their kimonos for cutaways, and started to drink Scotch. The imitation was never very good and today they are so confused that they jump like mares when rebuked even by an American gentleman. Mussolini's attempt to bark like a British viceroy has won for Italy only a change in jailers. Hitler, of course, has been trying lately to show his contempt for English gentlemen, but when he was writing "Mein Kampf" he thought they were wonderful, and probably secretly he still does. As a matter of fact, we have an idea that the aristocratic bad manners of the British were what really drove him into the Russian campaign. The Führer took a lot, but when Churchill spoke of him publicly as a "bloodthirsty guttersnipe," he blew up—more, we imagine, at the noun than the adjective—and flung his armies against the Soviets in what he tried to promote as a crusade to save Christian gentility. This seems to have been his worst error of the war and it is worth noting that he was needled into it by a jab at his social inferiority. We would feel a lot safer if Stalin felt awed by English gentlemen.

SOMETIMES the totalitarians put things neatly. The task of all true Frenchmen, said Marshal Pétain the other day, is to impose silence on all those who "continue to harbor past illusions" and so to "maintain order and harmony in the country." Here is a man who still believes he *is* a man, with a right to a voice in his own destiny. He is an enemy of the orderly and harmonious state. Hush him up. Here is another man, obviously a dangerous radical, who thinks that no nation can survive unless its people have freedom and dignity. He is harboring a past illusion. Silence, please. Here, finally, is a man, humming a dead song called the "Marseillaise," who is still unwilling to admit that there is nothing left for France except the ultimate order and harmony of the concentration camp. He's yours, Dr. Guillotin. Take him away.

A FRIEND of ours named Smith tells us about an angry feud that went on recently between the New York *Daily News* and the Philadelphia *Record*. Its roots, it seems, lay in the grave issue of isolation versus intervention, and some pretty ugly things were

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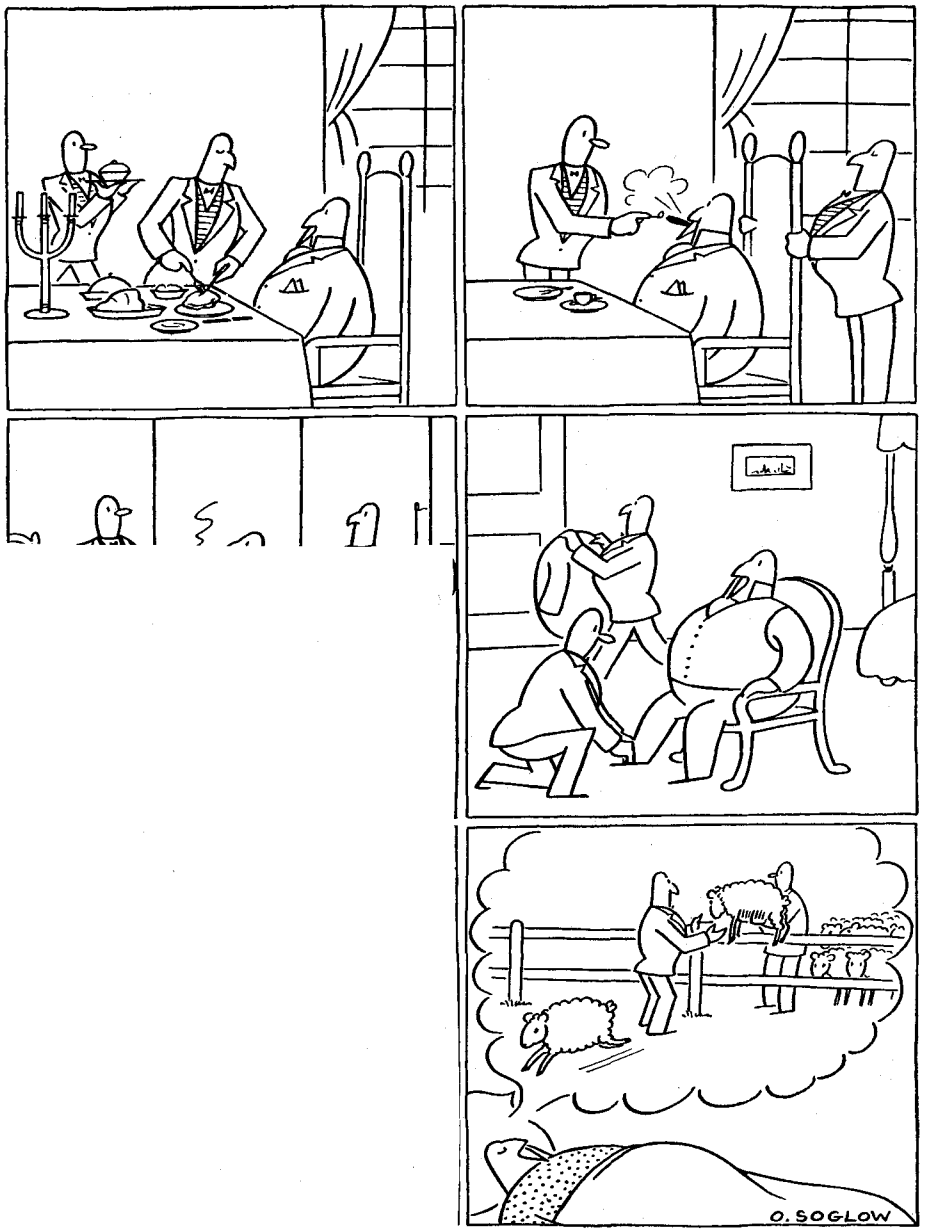

fond of this little story, but we are.

Success

THE fitter of a dress shop had an appointment at the home of a customer the other afternoon and was surprised, on arriving there, when the maid who admitted her simultaneously pressed a religious medal into her hand. "You'll need it," whispered the maid. "Madam is in a fearful mood." With the medal tucked in her purse, the fitter went on in and, she was pleased to note, had no trouble at all with Madam. On the way out, the fitter stopped to return the medal and to tell the maid how it had dispelled her mistress's mood. "Did it?" asked the maid, clearly startled. "I guess you better keep it, then. It never helped no one before."

Move

WELL, sir, last week we went down to see the Willard Parker Hospital being moved off the new roadway of the East River Drive at Sixteenth Street, and arrived just in time for the final shove of 9 21/64 inches. The hospital is of dusty-red brick, fifty-six feet wide, eighty feet deep, five stories high, weighs 2,350 tons, and has a steel frame and sixty rooms. We found her resting comfortably on a steel runway and she was that way when we left, her columns showing like the ankles of a dowager. Mr. George Flay, the engineer in charge, had just time to explain to us hastily that she was on the verge of the last lap of a journey of 57 feet 7⅞ inches to a former vacant lot. The move straightens out a bad curve in the Drive and preserves the building, saving the city, which owns it, half a million dollars. "Stand by!" shouted Mr. Flay hoarsely to some thirty workmen, most of whom were clambering around beneath the edges of the Willard Parker. "Mike Canale will do all the talking," he said, waving to a man in overalls who had his hand on a valve handle. "Anybody else talks gets a biff on the noggin." We stood by silently. A bell rang three times, then twice, then once, and the Willard Parker began moving, obviously and steadily. Nobody said anything at all until Mike Canale said "O.K." "Exactly nine and twenty-one sixty-fourths inches," said Mr. Flay.

We subsequently reapproached Mr. Flay for a definitive word on the moving of a building of 2,350 tons. "It's a matter of science plus art," he said. He told us that he and his men, all employees of the contracting firm of Spencer, White & Prentis, Inc., had spent three weeks preparing the Willard Parker for her trip, removing the concrete walls around the basement, etc., and then had raised the building thirteen and a half inches with fifty-two hydraulic jacks. The weight was thereupon shifted onto a steel runway and the structure was pushed longitudinally with six jacks. "We shoved her ten inches every time, with a seven-minute rest between," said Mr. Flay, a man at home with figures. "She got eighteen feet six inches the first day and approximately thirty-nine feet two inches the second day." The Willard Parker was the first moving job for Spencer, White & Prentis, which ordinarily puts in foundations, dams, locks, and the like. "It was really a stunning performance," said Mr. Flay. "No skewing, no wiggling, no cracks."

The moving had proceeded entirely without incident except for the arrival of Mayor LaGuardia on the first day, just as the building was about to get

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its initial shove. The Mayor had evidently expected to push a button, but nobody had been told of his coming and there was no button, although they could have had one as well as not. They let him fool around with a hydraulic jack for a few minutes, after which he stood by happily for a while, apparently just as happy as if there had been a button. Twelve plumbers arrived on the first day, too, under instructions to remove some fixtures. They hesitated when they realized that the hospital was going to be in motion, but Mr. Flay told them it was entirely safe and they went upstairs and began ripping out equipment. They reported later that they didn't feel a jar. The patients and hospital staff had been evacuated for the move, because the building needed renovation anyway. But for that, everything might have gone on as usual.

Boisterous

QUIET, rather sad story from Boston: Into one of Boston's most conservative saloons—which was, we will note, among the last places in the country to allow ladies to smoke—came a tall, diffident man who sidled up to the bar and ordered a brandy-and-soda. He had a newspaper, which he read as he drank, and after digesting page 1 he remarked to the bartender, "I see they think they have a clue to the Dedham murder." The bartender looked at him coldly and withdrew to the other end of the bar. Ten minutes later, when the lone drinker had reached the stamp column of his newspaper, and the bottom of his glass, he rapped on the bar and said, "I'd like another brandy-and-soda, please." The bartender shook his head. "You've already had more than is good for you, sir," he said.

Booster

THE first poster to be issued by the OPM, entitled "America's Answer! Production" and showing a muscular right arm twisting a wrench fastened to a machine-nut-shaped letter "O" in the word "production," is the work of Jean Carlu, a Frenchman with a muscular left arm and no right arm at all now living in a small penthouse in the East Fifties. We called on him there last Thursday and learned that he lost his arm at eighteen, when he fell under a trolley in Paris. Over a hundred thousand copies of his OPM poster have been printed and hung in factories. Its creator, who hopes to become an American citizen, charged the government only a nominal $250 for the poster, and has already been rewarded for his patriotism by being tapped for *Who's Who*. "I was asked to join a number of *Who's Whos* in Paris," he told us, "but they were all rackets."

Mr. Carlu is a well-built man of forty-one who has been living here since May, 1940, when, as art director of the French Ministry of Information, he came over to arrange the France-at-War Room in the French Pavilion at the World's Fair. What happened to France a few weeks later caused him to decide to stay here. His distress at this was mildly mitigated by the fact that the Museum of Modern Art had a complete set of reproductions of several hundred posters he had done, enabling him to get up a scrapbook to convince prospective clients that he was one of the leading poster artists of Europe. His American customers currently include Mutual Broadcasting, Schenley, Doubleday Doran, and, since the purchase of his OPM poster, the government, which has commissioned him to do a second national-defence job. This, he advised us, is a secret for the moment but will be revealed on the twentieth of this month. "It will be forty by eighteen feet and has taken me two months to make," he told us guardedly.

Carlu comes of a family of architects and was studying to become one himself when the loss of his arm caused him to change to advertising art. He learned to paint with his left hand and at twenty-five did a poster for Monsavon, a French soap. It was executed in an unrealistic style which caused critics to compare it with the still-lifes of Braque and to credit Carlu with being a pioneer in applying principles of modern painting to commercial art. One of many subsequent European clients was the Monaco Aquarium at Monte Carlo, for which he did a brilliantly colored fish poster. The original of this was purchased by Baron Philippe de Rothschild, whose family's wine cellars in the Mouton-Rothschild Château near Bordeaux were decorated by Carlu. Carlu borrowed it one day

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and somehow it got stolen from his studio. Rothschild fell into such a state about this that the artist agreed to paint it over for him. It took him six years to do it, he told us, because he wasn't in the right spirit. Rothschild, who was a great friend of his, kept calling him up every few days during the whole six years and always started the conversation with "*Et mon affiche*?"

Carlu, who owned a right-hand-drive Auburn in Paris, is one of the world's fastest one-armed drivers, and Baron Philippe was so pleased with the second fish poster that he frequently allowed Carlu to pilot his Bugatti, unofficially, on French race tracks. Carlu hopes to get a car here, and his pleasure at being in New York is such that he has almost got over an unfortunate happening of several years ago when he invited a Manhattan magazine art director to dinner at his house in Paris and served a particularly rare Mouton-Rothschild. He was watching his guest narrowly when the latter looked up and said, "It's a nice little wine."

They Don't Answer

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The

One was accidentally hit upon in 1923, when the General Electric Company illuminated a new athletic field near its plant in Lynn, Massachusetts, for its formal opening; while the engineers were testing the lights, some neighborhood kids began playing baseball on the field, seemingly having no difficulty in keeping their eyes on the ball. The engineers looked at one another in wild surmise. Seven years later, in 1930, the first adequately lighted game of night baseball was played at Des Moines, Iowa. There is a painting of this historic contest in the baseball museum at Cooperstown, New York, and you can go and look at it if you want to.

As noted in this magazine's recent Profile of Larry MacPhail, it was he who introduced night baseball to the big leagues. He did it while running the Cincinnati Reds, and it worked so well that he continued it when he came to Brooklyn. Last season, nine of the major-league teams played seven home games under lights, this being the limit established by the officials of both leagues, and one played fourteen by special permission. The idea of limiting the games, we're told, is that they're *too* popular and if unchecked might altogether do away with daytime games; then, if the vogue for night games fell off, there'd be no way of getting back to daytime games without Screeno and a free dish to every lady. Also, baseball men consider lights; if you can put some of them on the grandstand you save that much money. The Polo Grounds has eight towers, each carrying over a hundred 1,500-watt lamps. Every lamp has a reflector and is focussed on a definite area, the big idea being to overlap the beams of light and eliminate shadows. This is the equivalent of 54,000 ordinary 60-watt household bulbs. Figuring in maintenance, current, and amortization, the lighting of a night game in a big ball park costs about $750.

Origin

THE mother of a nine-year-old girl, an earnest modern mother just brimming over with child psychology, was quite prepared for the moment—which came, inevitably—when her daughter asked, point-blank, "Where did I come from?" Bees and flowers are thought outmoded these days, and this mother simply dished out the facts, without any frills. The little girl listened attentively at first but seemed to grow more and more restless as the lecture neared its climax. "Well, I just wondered," she said when it was all over. "There's a new little girl moved into the empty house down the street, and she says *she* came from Philadelphia."

Ban

N is the time for all good men
› do their bit in the interests of
defence, and a right good man
nissioner of Docks John Mc-
who announced recently that a
nust be secured to take photo-
rom Staten Island ferryboats or
ntage points under the jurisdic-
is department. His statement to
s said, "The indiscriminate use
ras might cause embarrassment
rea where convoys are being
›." Intrigued by the implication
e could see convoys from the
sland ferry, and vaguely puzzled
ıe extent of Commissioner Mc-
s responsibilities, we trailed down
fice, near Battery Park. His act-
etary, Mr. Louis Sass, amplified
artment's position. "If the Japs
ebody got hold of something
here, then people would say,
idn't somebody do something?'"
us. "Well, we did something."
order has been in effect a full
eeks, and so far has worked like a
Notices are stencilled here and
ın the ferries and waiting rooms.
who persist in trying to click

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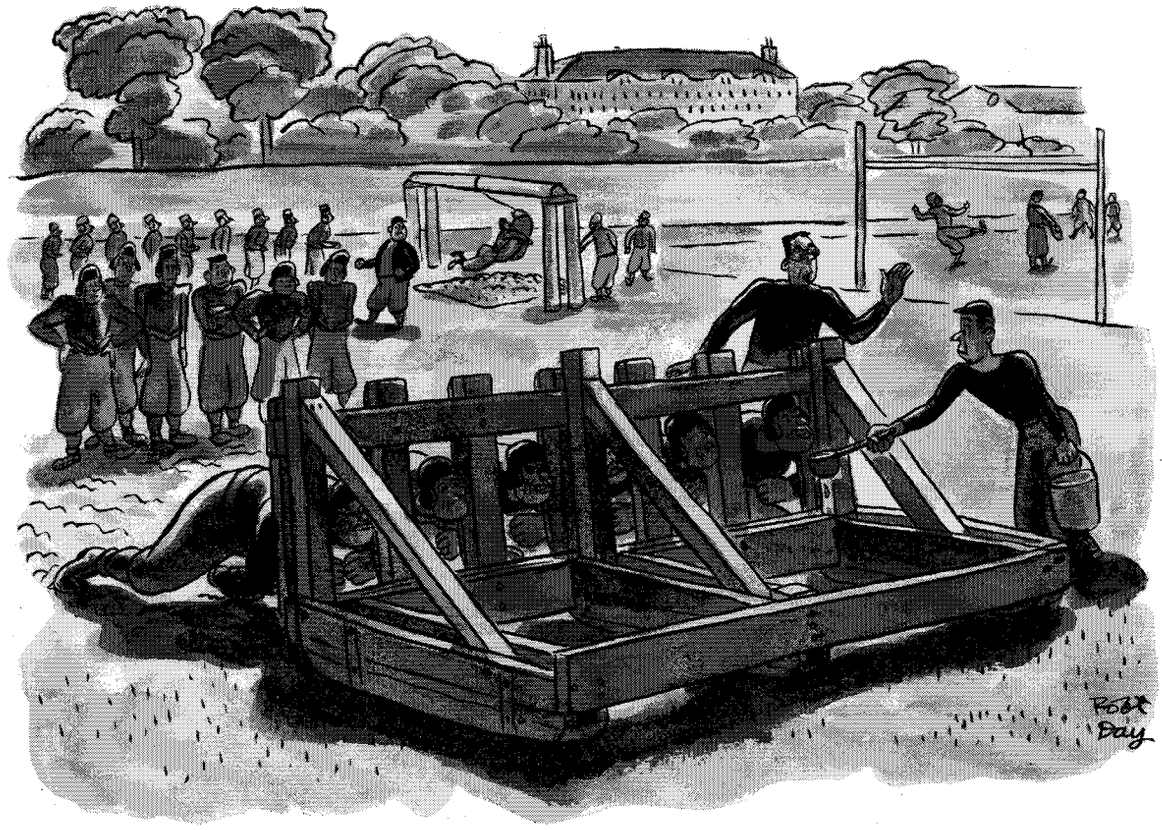

"Not right now, son. I'll tell you when."

• •

ing home right away fomm shop?"

"Why?" he repeated. "Because was today sleck in shop, that's why! I figger is very hot the weather, is like regelleh stimm hitt in the stritts. So I say to myself, 'Listen, go better to Fah-rockaway Bitch to sit a liddle in the sun, you shouldn't be so hot.' So I'm taking the sobvay to the bitch and I'm sitting donn in the sent and I'm rolling op by me the pents, the lecks should get a liddle bit the fresh air, and I'm taking uff by me the shoit, the chuldess shouldn't look so pale—"

"And mine Mr. Collitch Pefesseh," Mrs. Gross broke in, "he sits and he sits and right away he's somboint. Dope! What you got by you in head—a piece spuntch cake?"

"Mrs. Victrolleh!" Pa shouted. "Take awready the niddle away fomm tunk! So is mine fault I'm somboint, ha?"

"No," she said, "is not your fault. Comes a fet polissman with a big clob in hent and he's saying to you, 'Sit donn in sun or I'll give you right away a summints!' Is not his fault! So O.K.," she continued. "So whose fault is?"

"A lady," he said.

"A lady?" she repeated.

"A lady togeddeh with a baby." Mr. Gross paused and waited for his wife to urge him on. He wasn't disappointed.

"*Nu*, so tell awready what was, fa heaven's sakes! He sits in chair and he's making complaints and he's not tukking! So spikk awready!"

"Like I'm saying," Pa said, smoothing a clot of salve over his reddened skin. "I'm sitting in sent when I see is a lady, she's sitting too, and she's playing with her baby—"

"A boy?" Mrs. Gross asked.

"Boy-schmoy!" Pa snorted. "You think maybe I'm gung to look is a boy udder a goil? Is a baby, and that's all! So I'm sitting in sent and I'm enjoying a liddle brizz on bitch—uf cuss is a boy. Is the baby's name Mutty. Mutty is a boy's name, the same like Muttimer. So I'm sitting and I'm sitting and I'm not saying a woid, you hear? Alluva sunn this lady—"

"She's young, the lady, udder she's old?" asked his wife.

"*Lieber Gott!*" the old man yelled. "What is with you, you don't let a persin tukk? A kvestion! You think maybe I should say to the lady, 'Excuse me, Missus, mine wibe is gung to esk me your aitch, so tell hommuch you are. Maybe you thoidy-six? Maybe you thoidy-seven? Maybe you a good fordy? So tell, because is gung to be very met mine wibe!' Maybe this you would like I should do, ha?"

MRS. GROSS had blotted out his sarcasm from her consciousness long before he finished speaking. "A lady with a liddle baby," she mused. "No, is not so old. Still 'n' all, she's no sprink chicken no more." Again she focussed her attention upon her husband. "So go on awready. *Nu?*"

"*Nu*, alluva sunn this lady tukks to me. 'Mister,' she says, 'you gung to be on the bitch a couple minutes more?' So I say to her, 'Sure. I'm cetching a liddle bit the sun, should be bleck mine lecks.'"

"A fine bleck!" snapped his wife. Then, before he could summon a proper retort, she said, "So?"

"So," he continued, eying her coldly, "she says, the lady, 'Maybe you doong me a liddle faveh?' So I say to her, 'What is the faveh?' 'I want to buy fa the baby a delicious ice-crimm corn and fa me I like it a plain gless zeltseh, should be very cold. So maybe you'll be so good to watch mine liddle Mutty. He's a very switt kit and I'm coming right away beck in two seconds.'"

"Aha!" shouted Mrs. Gross excitedly. "Is not the lady's baby! She's a kitnepehkeh! She's stilling away fomm somebody the kit! I got right?"

"What you tukking fomm kitnepehkehs?" he asked disgustedly. "Is positiffly the lady's baby!"

"'Is positiffly the lady's baby!'" Mrs. Gross repeated, imitating her husband's tone. "The lady maybe show you fomm pockitbook the baby's boith ticket, ha?"

"*Gozzlin!*" The old man brought his open palm down on the arm of his chair. "Give the tunk a bet awready it should lay donn and slipp a couple minutes! Listen, you gung to sharrop udder no?"

"O.K., mine Mr. Furrman-in-Shop," she said, glowering at him. "So go 'head. Somebody is stopping you?"

"So is gung away the mudder," he continued, "and right away the baby

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QUESTIONS TO BE PUT TO A BIOGRAPHER

Where, first, are the simple toys upon the floor,
The limp rag doll, the wooden horse on wheels
That tumbled off the chair and broke its head,
And the park so big, and the birds no one could catch,
And the soft voice of the *Fräulein*, now dead, no longer speaking?

And now where are the blocks that spelled out names
And bore blue pictures of cow and crow and cock?
And where is the prince who saved the eternal princess
From a giant, a house of ice, and a devouring dragon,
To marry at last in that country from which no child returns?

Where now is the first discovery of words,
Words that exploded like rockets in the miraculous primer,
And the loud games on the lawn, and the bounding balls,
And the ceaseless running that never brought exhaustion,
And the mysterious conversations of inexplicable adults?

And where are the classrooms and the initialled desks,
And the gold star of success, and the drawings along the wall,
And the impatience through the cold holidays that meant Christmas,
And the endless Junes that brought on the summers of freedom?
And where are the teachers so strict and so old, so old?

Oh, where are the days that seemed to endure forever,
And the nights that went by in a tick of the quiet clock,
And the Augusts that went sailing calmly over the cove,
And the Januarys that coasted so easily down the hill,
And the Mays that rolled like marbles into a ring of years?

And where's the increase of knowledge and the growth of love,
The desks getting bigger, and the books heavy, and the girls so very slim,
And the boys so tall, and the games so much more complicated,
And the shyness and the awkwardness and the embarrassed laughter,
And the hands that wanted holding and the lips too perfect to kiss?

Where now is the adolescent love of dances
Which were, each one, the greatest event in the world?
And where are the musicians who played the music,
And the chaperons sitting around the decorated room,
And the lake that was always waiting for the two who always walked?

And the realization of life, where is it now?
And history and ethics beginning to press on the shoulders,
And 476 A.D., and the peregrinations of X, and *amo*, *amare*,
And "Of Darius and Parysatis were born two sons . . ."
And "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry . . ."?

And then, at last, when was the time that memory
And actuality joined, and the child became adult?
Could it be placed on a definite day, say one morning
When the subject, waking all suddenly out of a sleep,
Realized that one phase was done and another midnight-born?

Or did it come gradually, like drowsiness over the sleeper,
With one life receding, another approaching, one ending, and one begun?
When the man and the woman destroyed the boy and girl,
Did not some gesture, some manner remain, some connection
That, once remembered, could not be forgotten and was always used?

Whenever or however the transition came,
Where now are the fragments of childhood, so scattered and so spent?
Can they be collected, be used? Can they explain
The complicated subject of this biography?
Is their value a negative one? Do they dovetail into life?

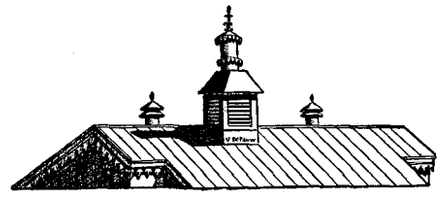
The paper is waiting upon the table, the pencils all are sharpened,
Ready to be taken up in the hand and to begin this study.
Perhaps, when the paper is covered with words and the pencils worn to stumps,
All these things will be at last explained, or at least put out on view.
The biographer's waiting. The time is short. And the clock will never go back.

—HARRY BROWN

• •

begins to cry like anything. So I say to him, 'Mutty, don't cry. Mutty, behave. Be a good boy, Mutty, and right away is coming beck the momma and you gung to get it a delicious ice-crimm corn togeddeh with a nice dolly.' You think he listens to me, the kit? Neh! He cries and he cries and that's all! So right away is pessing a lady and she stops and she gives me a look with the eyes —very met. 'Mister,' she say to me, 'you know why is crying the kit? Because he don't like it the sun.' 'Is O.K.,' I say. 'Is a special kit, Mutty—to him the best pleasure is to cry. Don't worry. Is positiffly O.K.' 'Is not O.K.,' she say. 'Take him better inside, it shouldn't shine on him the sun.' What I'm gung to do is now a kvestion. If I take him inside someplace, will come beck the mudder and she's gung to see is not the baby on the bitch and right away she's gung to give a *geshrei* 'Kitnepehs!' and one-two-three, who's gung to be in jail? Me!"

"Good fa you!" said Mrs. Gross, with evident satisfaction. "This should be a lesson. Next time don't do favehs fa nobody, special a lady you don't even know by her the name yet. Listen, if she wants somebody should mine the baby, so fa fifdy cents comes a collitch boy in home and he mines a couple hours the kit. So what you do when the lady say you should bring inside the baby?" she asked.



"I say to her plain tukk, 'Listen, when you cooking something by you in kitchen, I'm sticking in mine nuzz to tell you what to cook? Udder when you clinning op the flurr, I'm telling you where to swipp the doit? Never! So please do me the same faveh.' I spikk to her very fresh," he said, "because I dunno what I should do with the baby, he's scrimming something terrible, Mutty."

"Is gung away the lady?" Mrs. Gross asked.

"What then, she's sitting donn to

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"SETTERAGIC ON"

MR. PURVEY (Thomas A. Purvey, Tobacconist) laid down his penknife and held out the square of cardboard at arm's length. At the same time, to get the maximum vista, he leaned his head back and half closed his eyes. "Pretty good, pret-ty good. Not *quite* perfect, though," he murmured. He was a small man and weedy, and his hair was thinning on top. He deftly stroked the penknife once or twice over the carborundum and went on picking at the cardboard. After a few minutes he held it up again. "There, Doreen! How will that do?" he asked his wife.

"Looks all right." The words were like bubbles rising through stagnant water. They seemed to have no relevance to the woman who sat behind the counter knitting, her head, with its elaborate topknot, bent above her work, her lips stirring regularly as she registered stitch after stitch.

"Another advantage of doing it in stencil," he said, apparently pursuing some private conversation, for he had not mentioned any previous advantages, "it will do just as well when the black-outs come round again. Six o'clock on a November evening, lights on in here, dark outside. They'll be able to read it without coming in. No drafts, you see, no wet umbrellas dripping all over the place. That is, of course, if it's still needed then."

"If it is, *we* shan't be," she said.

When Mr. Purvey had fixed the cardboard on the glass panel of the door, he went to the back of the shop and began to turn out a drawer. Only then did Mrs. Purvey raise her eyelids and look at the stencilled pasteboard. As she studied the reversed lettering her lips began to stir again, and this time to a different rhythm:

"Setteragic on.
Occabot on.
Setteragic on.
Occabot on."

Crow's language, crow's writing too, with the letters turned backward as children write them, chalking on blank walls. Through the stencilled crannies she could catch minute, brilliant aspects of the world outside, and thus beheld, the sea seemed bluer, the billows of barbed wire more sharply jagged than when seen more fully through the rest of the glass door panel or between the pyramids of dummy cigarette packets in the shop window. Staring at these prismatic aspects of the afternoon, she found herself listening to the wind. At first she hardly knew it as the wind. The noise seemed more like something mechanical, something unrelated to weather. It was more like the noise of a bombing plane than the noise of the wind. And suddenly, with no cadence, no diminution, it left off—left off as though it had been turned off. Then it returned, pulsing and strident, and rose to its former pitch, and continued for a while, and again seemed to be turned off.

"Tom! Do you hear? That's the wind," she said.

"Getting up, isn't it? I say, Doreen, we've got another gross of pipe-cleaners. What a pity we didn't know when they were so short and everyone was asking us for them. And I've found seven more of those Jubilee cigarette cases."

"Bit late, isn't it?" she asked.

"No. Why? I'm going to put them out anyway. After all, they're patriotic, aren't they? Historic, too."

"Pity you can't find a fag, Tom. That would be historic all right."

He came out with a trayful of his oddments and began rearranging the glass showcase. She moved to one side and stood watching him.

"Tom, Tom, what shall we do?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"You know what I mean all right. What shall we do if this shortage goes on? We can't live by selling extras even if people are fools enough to buy them."

" 'S only temp'ry," he said, and, taking up a silver lighter, he began to blow on it and polish it on his sleeve.

"Temporary? What did we hear six months ago? Do you remember that evacuee woman from Sheffield who said you couldn't get tobacco for love or money up in the north? And what about the tommies, that lot from the Midlands, who used to buy fags to send home? That was soon after Christmas, that was. And what about those letters in the papers, round about Easter, saying that women oughtn't to be allowed to smoke? Temporary? So's creeping paralysis."

Outside a woman stopped and looked searchingly in the window.

"But you heard what it said on the wireless," Mr. Purvey said. "There's never been so much tobacco let out as there is now. After all, Doreen, you can't go against facts."

The woman came in. "Good afternoon. I want some cigarettes," she said. "I'm really not a bit particular what brand they are. I expect anything you've got will do." She spoke jauntily, airily, and flipped a ten-shilling note onto the counter.

"I'm sorry, Madam, but we have no cigarettes," Mr. Purvey said.

"Well, I never! Getting quite short, aren't they? Still, I don't mind rolling my own for a change. One must be adaptable, mustn't one, in wartime? What tobacco have you got?"

"I'm afraid we have no tobacco either, Madam."

"No tobacco? This is really dreadful," the woman said. "Well, I suppose you've got *pipe* tobacco, some sort of shag. I'm not particular. Or cigars, those little cigars?"

"No pipe tobacco either, Madam. Nor cigars. No tobacco whatsoever."

Shrugging, the woman started out of the shop. Then, pausing, she turned back an altered face and said humbly, "I want it for my husband, you know."

AFTER the woman had gone, Doreen exclaimed, "Fool! Hasn't she got eyes in her head? I can read that notice backside forward: Setteragic on! Occabot on!"

"What, dear?" Mr. Purvey asked.

She pointed to the sign on the door.

"So it does!" he said with interest. "Setteragic on. Sounds funny, doesn't it?"

"Funny as the wind," she said. "What does it mean, howling its head off on a boiling-hot day in summer and not a cloud in the sky? Lunatic, I call it."

"It's long past midsummer, though," Mr. Purvey said.

"That's right," she said, her voice rising. "Now tell me the days are beginning to draw in."

"I expect it means a change in the weather," he said. "It often does at this time of year. I do miss the weather forecasts on the wireless, I must say, though of course one couldn't have spies reporting them to the enemy. I think I shall try to make one of those seaweed barometers. They're very good, I believe, very reli-

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able. They get moist when it's going to rain."

His wife bowed her head, pressing her cheek to the glass top of the showcase.

"Oh God, Tom! I shall go mad if I can't get a smoke!"

Once more he redressed the display card and the dummy cartons, staring at her elaborate topknot of pale curls and pursing his lips.

A shadow darkened the doorway, paused, and went on.

She raised her head. "It's a pity I'm such a fool, isn't it? But it's this damned silly wind, howling for no earthly reason, that gets me down, and the smell in this shop, and all those dummies grinning round. And then what you said about the days drawing in, and the blackout, and the air raids beginning again."

He put his arm round her waist, his glance straying about the shop. "If we could sell the business—"

"If a bomb would fall on the business!" she cried.

"If we could sell the business," he went on, "maybe we could move somewhere inland, where it might be quieter. Plenty of jobs I could get now, you know, even with my rupture. Maybe before the winter—"

"More likely I'll be called up by then," she said. "Well, they say making munitions takes your mind off it. Here's another fool who can't read."

This time the customer opened the door. But while the doorbell was still jangling he walked on. Mr. Purvey shut the door and retired to the back of the shop.

"TOM," Mrs. Purvey said after a while, "I've been thinking. Isn't it funny? If we were out in this wind, you know, we'd say how refreshing it was. Blowing away the cobwebs and all that."

"Talk of cobwebs, you ought to take a look at the inside of this cupboard," he said. "It must be months since I gave it a proper turnout. More. Here's one of those Munich mascots that were among the stock when we took over."

"And if it were raining," she continued, "properly stormy, and one could see the clouds moving and the breakers out to sea, that would be all right too. Sort of cozy and adventurous. But to sit here on a glaring fine afternoon listening to a wind that's doing nothing—I'd rather it blew the roof off. Tom! Do you suppose what I'm really pining for is another go of air raids?"

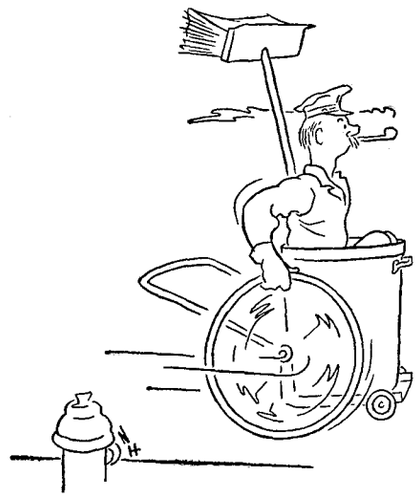
"I'm sure it's the very last thing." His tone was kind, reassuring, only slightly inattentive. And because his head was buried in the cupboard, it sounded as though he were speaking from some religious compartment, a pulpit or a confessional. She looked at his bowed back, on which a scrap of fancy cellophane was poised like a butterfly.

Fossicking in that cupboard, she thought. Always busy, always inventing something to be busy about. Always about nothing. Make-believe. It's a spade and bucket he ought to have, really. Then she smiled, pinching in the corners of her mouth and nodding to herself. A spade and bucket was just what he had got, and some nice sand into the bargain. She glanced at the A.R.P. outfit, neatly grouped in the corner: sand bucket, sandbags, and long-handled shovel.

"Strain," continued the voice in the cupboard. "Just strain. One way or another we all—good Lord! Doreen! *Doreen!* Here's a stroke of luck! I've found a tin of fifty. That'll take your mind off the wind." Blowing the dust from the lid, he hurried to the front of the shop. She turned as though set on fire.

THE doorbell jangled and a young man entered the shop. "Good afternoon," he said. He smiled and his voice was cordial. "It's all right. I'm not after fags. I'm believing what you say on the door, though I wouldn't in most cases. But being back in the old place, I thought I'd just look in and ask how you're getting on."

He was a tall, swarthy fellow, and one could see that even a little while ago he had been dashingly handsome. But now he looked at once aggressive and devitalized, and not even an expensive new suit could conceal the sagging lines of his shoulders, the heaviness of physical strength going stale.



"You don't remember me, I gather," the young man said.

"Yes, I do," Mrs. Purvey said. "You're Mr. Martin. You used to work at the Esplanade Garage."

"That's me," he said. "Nothing wrong with your memory, Mrs. Purvey." He turned his dark gaze on her, a broadside, but the effect was marred by a nervous twitch that closed one eye.

"And now you're doing something with aircraft production, aren't you?" she asked. "What's it like up there?"

"Well, some says one thing and some says another. Yes, it's a Valley of the Shadow factory. But I don't mind it. Still, it's nice to be let out for a bit."

"Are you on a holiday then?" asked Mr. Purvey.

"Well, I'm here and not there, anyway," the young man answered.

"What? You mean to say you just marched out? Will they take you back?" Mrs. Purvey asked.

The young man looked at his right hand, scarred and sinewy. "They'll take me back all right," he said.

"Absenteeism, eh?" said the tobacconist. "What they write about in the papers. Mind you, I can see your side of it too. A seven-day week *and* overtime. The human frame can't really stand it."

"But the money's good," his wife said.

"Money's all right," the young man said. "But what's the sense of having money when there's nothing to buy with it? All my life I've wanted to smoke cigars and couldn't afford them. Now I can afford them with as much gold wrapping on them as a lord mayor. And I can't get them. What's the sense of it?"

"Still, it's our duty to save," said Mr. Purvey.

His face twitching, the young man looked round the shop. The husband and wife exchanged glances, and Mr. Purvey pushed the box of fifty a little further under cover.

After a long survey of the shop's wares the young man bought a silver-hooped tobacco jar. "Do to keep ends in," he said.

The wind, steadily rising, hung for a while on its shrill note and stopped again abruptly.

"Quite a storm getting up," Mrs. Purvey said.

"I should say so. I passed the old scenic railway on my way here and saw it rip off a bit of canvas, the bit painted like rocks and a waterfall, easy as cutting butter. Poor old scenic!

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Nobody goes there now, I suppose?"

"No. It's been closed for over a year now," Mrs. Purvey said.

"I used to enjoy the scenic," the young man said. "Like a kid, I did. There was a lot of fun in those days. Everything was pretty pleasant. Fish-and-chips, and no particular hurry, and half-days regular, and the esplanade all lit up at night, and the band playing, and a fag whenever you wanted it. Well, half the time you don't know when you're lucky."

Mrs. Purvey's hand went out toward the box. Mr. Purvey moved it a little further away.

"Here for long?" he asked the young man.

"Going back tomorrow, like a good boy. Not taking any smokes with me, either, though I hoped I would. Thought you still had them down here."

"They don't come in as they did," said the tobacconist, "and they go in a flash. Everyone's after them."

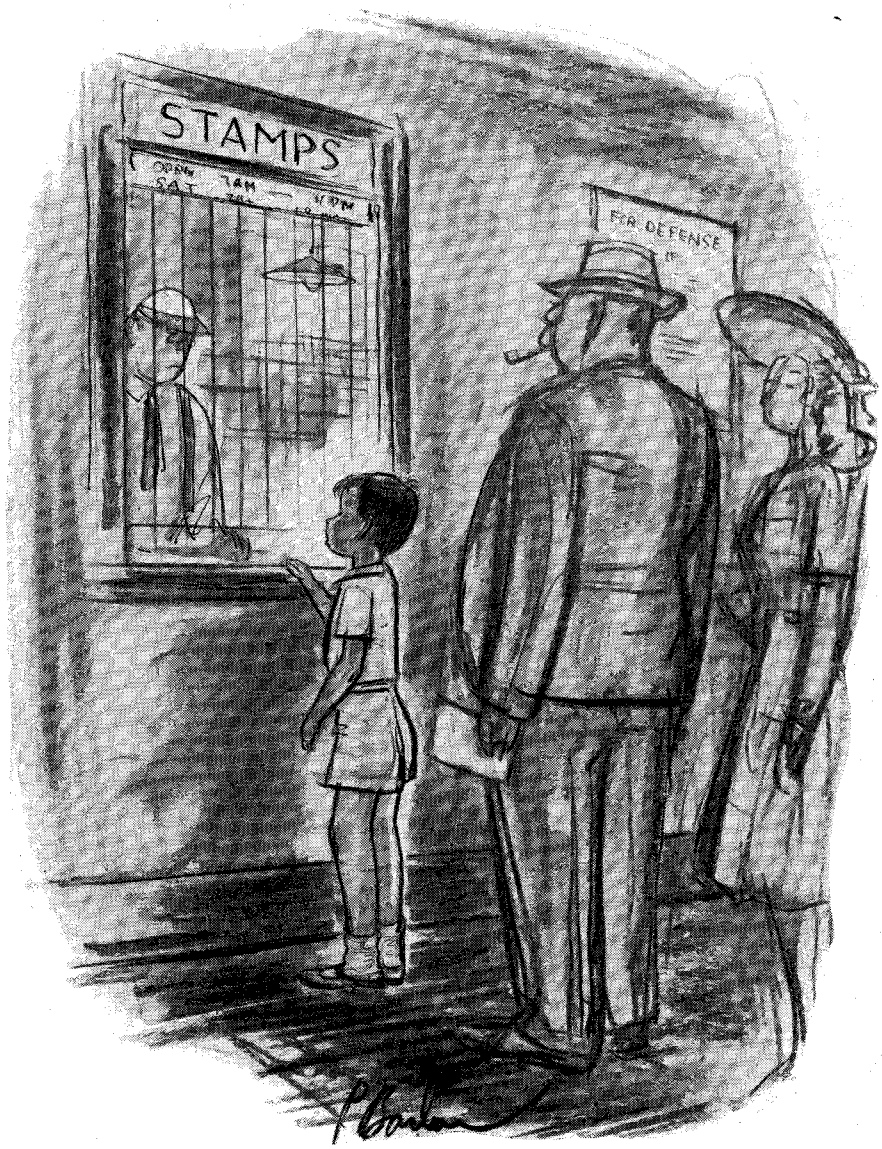
"Somebody's getting them, though!" Mrs. Purvey exclaimed. "Stands to reason somebody's getting more than their fair share. What I'd like to know is who."

"Well, it isn't me, Mrs. Purvey. I know that," the young man said. "And it isn't you, either, according to that card of yours. I did see one packet of twenty up in the town, but they wouldn't let me have it because I'm not a regular customer."

"One has to do it that way," said Mr. Purvey, standing between his wife and the shelf, toward which her hand again sketched a wavering movement.

"Hard on you folk too, I suppose."

"We must hope for better times," said Mr. Purvey. "Better times for all concerned. And it's the pe
job who are bringing
nearer. So you're
Well, I'm
best



"Four Ralph Waldo Emersons, four John Tylers, four Benjamin Harrisons, four John James Audubons, and four Industry and Agriculture for Defence."

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PROFILES

CENTRAL PARK

I—GRASS ON MANHATTAN

THE people of New York are neither surprised nor very grateful that in the geographical centre of Manhattan Island, a region where land is measured by feet and inches and where the scarcity of it has forced thousands of people to work and sleep hundreds of feet above the ground, there is an eight-hundred-and-forty-acre expanse of living, breathing earth. It is, though, almost incredible that Central Park should exist at all; it is a miracle, and a cause for thanks. Since 1853, when the municipal government started taking over the tract that now constitutes the Park, it has withstood the city's hunger for land, which has affected regions miles beyond the river boundaries. The tides of population have flowed up to, around, and beyond Central Park without changing it; the retreat of the "fashionable neighborhood" from the Hudson to the East River has left its mark everywhere but on Central Park; there is no other part of the city that has not been nibbled [illegible] sions, and it has real cops, millionaires, and bums.

JUST as the city fathers originally laid it out, Central Park lies between Fifty-ninth and 110th Streets and Fifth and Eighth Avenues. The most noticeable thing about its topography is that it slopes gently eastward from the high ridge that runs up the West Side, as though it were the spine of Manhattan Island. The rock that shows above the surface of this ridge is an outcropping of the bed of the island and vastly older than, for instance, the traprock of the Palisades. Some of the remaining tracks of the glacier that ground its way over Manhattan Island twenty or thirty thousand years ago are in Central Park; you can see the scratches at the point where projections of Sixth Avenue and 103rd Street would meet, on the southwest corner of the knoll where the obelisk of Thothmes III rests, and in the North Meadow abreast of Ninety-ninth Street. In the Park di- [illegible] of Central Park West and Sixty-ninth Street to its outlet in Turtle Bay. Birds have always used the Hudson Valley as a migratory flyway, and the growth of the city has apparently given them no cause to desert Central Park, which every spring and fall comes alive with fluttering thousands that drop down for a day's rest during their travels.

In Central Park, man has dealt with what nature has left him according to his somewhat erratic sense of the fitness of things. Practically all of the Park has been landscaped; the surface of the earth and the boundaries of the waters have been engineered, and every one of the half-million trees and bushes that grow there was planted. Statistically inclined officials of the Parks Department have computed that there are in Central Park 8.3 miles of motor roads, 5.5 miles of bridle paths, and 56.93 miles of footpaths. In its total expanse of eight hundred and forty acres there are forty-two of streams, lakes, and ponds; the Reservoir covers a hundred and seven [illegible] almost exactly one-eighth of [illegible] Of the land, two hundred [illegible] acres are cultivated [illegible] recreational [illegible] and

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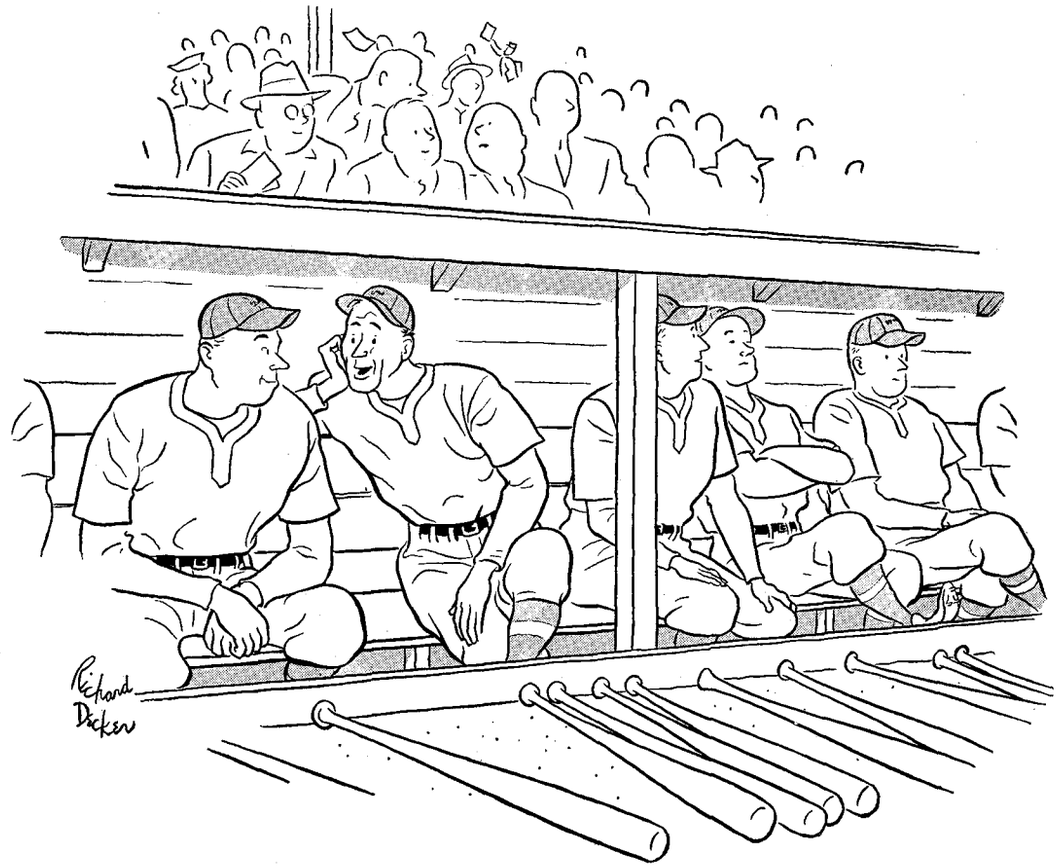
days know that the original eighteen entrances all were named. The one at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue is the Scholars' Gate. Going west along Fifty-ninth, you come to the Artists' Gate at Sixth Avenue, the Artisans' Gate at Seventh, and the Merchants' Gate at Columbus Circle. Going up Central Park West, the gates at Seventy-second, Seventy-ninth, Eighty-fifth, Ninety-sixth, and 100th Streets were named, respectively, the Women's, the Hunters', the Mariners', the All Saints', and the Boys'. On 110th Street are the Strangers' Gate, the Warriors' Gate, and the Farmers' Gate; at the corner of Fifth and 110th is the Pioneers' Gate. Going down Fifth Avenue, you find the Girls' Gate at 102nd, the Woodman's Gate at Ninety-seventh, the Engineers' Gate at Ninetieth, the Miners' Gate at Seventy-ninth, and the Children's Gate at Seventy-second. Some time after the original naming of the gates, the gate of All Saints' was renamed the Prophets' Gate and the name of the Children's Gate was given to the entrance to the Arsenal at Sixty-fourth and Fifth; the Seventy-second Street gate afterward commemorated inventors.

IF you were to start an exploration of the Park at the southeast corner, you would, most likely, come first to the Pond, the Park's fourth largest body of water and the one that provides shelter for its most romantic concourse of waterfowl. The Pond is, in fact, a sanctuary, with fenced-off ground along its western shore to provide privacy for nesting birds. This summer some eight hundred fowl, of eighteen different species, have been harboring here. Seven of the eleven kinds of fresh-water ducks known to visit this region have been observed on the Pond: mallard, teal, pintail, widgeon, shoveller, black duck, and wood duck. Living on the Pond under the protection of the Parks Department, with their wings clipped, are Australian pygmy geese, Australian cranes, Canada geese, Egyptian geese, African spur-winged geese, and mandarin ducks. Put in by the Parks Department, but with their wings unclipped, are Australian black swans, mute white swans, and pelicans, a couple of which are known to have been released there more than thirty-five years ago, and are therefore the oldest inhabitants of the sanctuary.

Here, on the edges of the Pond, an explorer would first find evidence of Central Park's willingness to adapt itself to the various demands of the people who frequent it—the bird-spotters, the dog-walkers, the model-boat sailers, the cyclists and equestrians, the horseshoe-pitchers, the croquet players, and all the rest. Because the shores of the Pond crumbled under the feet of the sizable group of people who come every day to feed the waterfowl, "feeding stations" have been built, stone platforms that project into the water. Here you will find employees of the expensive hotels of the neighborhood feeding the ducks with stale bread from the kitchens, a prosperous downtown jeweller who hurries up to see the birds at the end of every business day, and a woman who each morning distributes fifteen pounds of rice. With rice at fifteen cents a pound, her hobby costs her around eight hundred dollars a year. The official mealtime at the Pond is ten in the morning, when a keeper from the Zoo trundles over a wheelbarrow containing twenty-five loaves of stale bread and a bushel of corn.

The life that these fowl lead in the shadow of the expensive hotels is by no means free of care. During the nesting season, eggs are stolen by adventurous small boys who scale the sanctuary fence and by rats which roam the Park in great numbers. Last year these enemies were believed to have stolen thirty goose eggs and three hundred duck eggs from nests in the sanctuaries. Six years ago a number of ducks were found dead with air-gun pellets in them. The crime was never cleared up, but Park officials think the assassin may have been a marksman shooting from one of the windows on Central Park South. One dawn the cops, attracted by the unmistakable odor of roasting fowl, found three homeless men, in the underpass below the East Drive, cooking a wild duck they had poached in the sanctuary.

Skirting the Pond parallel with Fifth Avenue and crossing a bridge over the northern end of the Pond, you will come to the Copcot, an inexplicably named rustic summerhouse that crowns the hill between the projections of Sixth and Seventh Avenues. When it was built, a matter of eighty years ago, it was regarded as rather a daring piece of architecture because it was one of the first urban buildings constructed of unstripped cedar timber; many of the



"You know one thing I've always wanted—a summer vacation."

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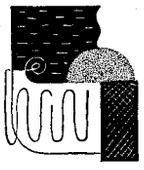
other shelters in the Park, though not exact duplicates, are modelled after it.

Leaving the Copcot and crossing the roadway, you come to the Heckscher Playground, a generous tract bounded east, south, and west by motor drives, and north by Transverse No. 1, the Sixty-fifth Street crosscut. In the original plan of the Park, drawn up when August Heckscher was still a child, this place was called simply the Playground. In 1924, Heckscher, then at the height of his philanthropic career, got permission from the city to improve the area. It cost $70,000, not counting a number of additions the WPA made in 1936. Today the Heckscher Playground includes concrete play spaces, with swings, a wading pool, seesaws, and benches for young children, a number of softball diamonds, and, that vital necessity of any realistically planned park or playground, a "comfort station."

Near the northeast corner of the Heckscher Playground, close to where the motor drive passes over Transverse No. 1, is the Carrousel, which has stood there since 1872. Nearby, within earshot of its nostalgic pipings, the old men who spend their days in the Park in summer gather to pitch horseshoes and play chess or checkers. They bring their own boards and pieces, and spread them out on the benches along the drive. Intruders who stay to watch the games are likely to be stared down by the old men, many of whom are Irish and clannish.

East of the Carrousel, on the other side of the motor road, is the hill still officially called the Kinderberg, in memory of the days when a children's playhouse stood on its summit. Nearby, just south of the transverse road, stands a substantial stone building which few people know by its proper name. This is the Dairy, which was opened in 1870 as a sort of milk bar for children and their nurses who came to the Kinderberg. In its early days, the Dairy's rural atmosphere was enhanced by the presence of purely decorative cows, sheep, and chickens. A little later it became a restaurant, though it kept the same name. It remained open for business until 1934. Then the Parks Department used it for a while as a workroom for draftsmen, but it is now empty. Nothing remains of the children's playhouse on the Kinderberg but the stone flooring.



The Zoo, which occupies the space between the East Drive, Fifth Avenue, and Transverse No. 1, is the Park's greatest single attraction. The Zoo got off to a modest start in the early eighteen-seventies with such donations as two Virginia deer and three Canada geese from August Belmont and six wild turkeys from Hamilton Fish. The earliest acquisitions were kept in and around the Arsenal. Animal houses were built from time to time, until there were twenty-two, laid out according to no particular plan. The Zoo used to accept, as winter boarders, animals from the menageries of small travelling circuses, and P. T. Barnum himself occasionally turned a neat bit of publicity by lending the Zoo a "rare specimen." Seven years ago, when Robert Moses became Parks Commissioner, the Zoo was wallowing in the decay of sixty years' neglect. The keepers in the lion house always carried shotguns; the rats had grown so numerous and so bold that they were stealing the food from the lions' feeding pans. Irving Billig, New York's famous wholesale rat-exterminator, had in a single week at the Zoo killed two hundred and thirty thousand rats. The present spruce, sanitary, and vermin-free condition of the Zoo represents an expenditure of something more than $2,000,000.

The Arsenal, the brick building on Fifth Avenue at Sixty-fourth Street, near the Zoo, is older than Central Park itself, being now in its ninety-third year. When it was begun in 1848, the ten-acre plot it stood on, which included a drill ground at the back, belonged to the state, and the militia stored its arms and drilled there. The city bought land and building in 1857, and since then the Arsenal has not been used for any military purpose. It has had many other uses. At one time it housed the New York City Meteorological Observatory, and after an up-and-down career as livery stable, storage building, and headquarters of Park police, it has become the headquarters of the Parks Department. Mayor LaGuardia still has a summer office set aside for himself in the Arsenal, but has not used it since he took to moving his headquarters out into the country for the hot weather. The Parks Department is naturally reluctant to encourage adventurous children by giving out the exact location (indeed, it denies the whole story), but there is a persistent legend that a secret tunnel leads from the basement of the Arsenal to a secluded part of the Park. After all, the Arsenal was designed in a day when such a tunnel was a feature of every well-appointed arsenal.

THE Tavern-on-the-Green stands at the western end of the Sixty-fifth Street transverse. Of course, only the newest generation of New Yorkers calls this building the Tavern-on-the-Green; before 1934, it was the Sheepfold. The building was erected in 1870, under the lavish auspices of the Tweed administration, from plans drawn up by the designers of the Park. It cost $70,000 and is considered by some critics the finest existing example of the fulsome architecture of that period. The first occupants were a shepherd, his family, and two hundred sheep. The sheep served the strictly utilitarian purpose of keeping the grass down, in a day when lawn mowers were expensive and not yet in general use. The sheep stayed on, becoming more and more the victims of technological unemployment as the years went by, but getting into the newspapers every spring, when they were publicly sheared, until, in 1934, they were exiled to Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The Tavern is now a prosperous, popular-priced dine-and-dance place.

Across the road, to the east of the Tavern, is the expanse of lawn called the Green. In the northwest corner of this is the fenced-in enclosure of fine turf, the Bowling Green, where a small but zealous section of the public plays at lawn bowls on fine summer evenings. The Bowling Green is open to the public, but the only people interested in lawn bowls are the members of the New York Lawn Bowling Club, which holds meetings there on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays and practice sessions on other days.

Near the Bowling Green stands a little cottage now used by the Union News Company, which operates a candy and ice-cream concession in the Park, for the storage of the brightly covered little pushcarts called, in Italian baby talk, carrettinas. This cottage, once known as the Spa, was erected in 1868 by a firm granted a concession to dispense mineral waters of all sorts "in the healthful surroundings of the Park." Gaily Victorian, the Spa attracted large and fashionable crowds. In the seventies, *Harper's Weekly* sent a staff artist to sketch the water-sippers, who were evidently the El Morocco set of their day.

The keystone of the original design of the Park is the Mall, stretching north from the East Drive, near the first trans-

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"Wouldn't you know Hubert came from pioneer stock?"

HUBERT seems hardly the man to call forth a question like that. Yet, as Hubert stirs the steaming kettle, something stirs in Hubert.

Perhaps it is the call of pioneer ancestors across the years! The tantalizing aroma that is sharpening the edge of Hubert's appetite comes from old-fashioned chicken noodle soup, flavorful and hearty . . . the same good kind that nourished our forefathers often and well.

For Campbell's have brought back this grand old soup in all its glistening glory . . . with the same delicious flavor, the same golden richness . . . and generously provided with good egg noodles and pieces of tender chicken.

You don't need to have Colonial ancestors to enjoy good chicken noodle soup. Any time you will, you can sit down to a steaming, savory plate of Campbell's Chicken Noodle . . . the soup that today is growing faster in popularity than any other soup in the whole country.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Bourke of the Arsenal police station, "The Shakespeare Garden." It began:

> And yesterday 'twas sterile soil,
> The creviced rock, grass-grown;
> But fairies lent their magic toil,
> Its barrenness has flown...

The little building that stands to the west of the Shakespeare Garden is known to most Park walkers as the Swiss Cottage, but its name in the Parks Department records is the Swedish Schoolhouse. It was brought to this country in sections in 1876 as the official Swedish exhibit at the Centennial held that year in Philadelphia. It was taken apart after the exposition and then put up in the Park in 1877, because the Swedes didn't want to ship it home. It has never been opened to the public, except during a brief interlude when it served as an annex to the Museum of Natural History. These days garden tools are stored there.

UPWARD of a hundred famous personages, and one dog, are commemorated in Central Park by busts, full-length statues, plaques, drinking fountains, trees, monuments, or playgrounds. Of these memorials, there can be no doubt that the most famous is that of Thothmes III, the Egyptian Pharaoh whose obelisk, with boastful hieroglyphic annotations by Ramses II, the Pharaoh whose daughter found Moses in the bulrushes, now stands in back of the Metropolitan Museum. It arrived on these shores in 1880, the gift of Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, and was shipped at the expense of William H. Vanderbilt. Many serious thinkers among the Park walkers have suggested from time to time that the Obelisk could very handily be made into a sundial, but none of the Parks Commissioners has ever taken to the idea.

The one pertinent thing to be said here of the Metropolitan Museum is that it is the only successful permanent intruder on the grounds which was not originally included in the plan for the Park. It would be a very rabid nature-lover indeed who could object to the sedate presence of the Museum, in view of some other uses for the Park which have been suggested at one time or another: a world map in relief occupying nineteen acres on the North Meadow, permanent circus tents, a street railway, a burial ground for distinguished citizens, houses of worship of all denominations, an opera house, swimming baths, an outdoor theatre seating twenty-five thousand, an athletic stadium, vaults for the storage of motion-picture film, an airport, a model farm, an open-cut subway, and a Buddhist shrine. All are improvements which the Park has just barely escaped. Perhaps the boldest attempt to alter the Park was made by R. B. Roosevelt, of the Oyster Bay clan, who suggested in 1904 that the whole area be cut up into building lots.

A public park is, inevitably, the object of much amateur municipal planning. The writers of letters to the editor, the public-library intelligentsia, unanimously fix on the nearest bit of unoccupied ground as the base of operations for their pet projects. However, the only scars that Central Park bears today from encounters with the intellectual underworld are the statues and memorials, not all of them well conceived or faultlessly executed, which dot its surface. A sensitive stroller is bound to experience a slight shock, for example, when, in an area devoted to hilly, uncultivated woodland, he stumbles upon the bust of a dead poet. Apparently there is not and never has been any tactful way of turning aside a group of enthusiasts bent on erecting in the Park, at their own expense, any sort of statue or memorial.

A partial census of those personages commemorated in one way or another in the Park would include (not counting some undoubtedly lost in the shrubbery) this widely assorted group: Beethoven; Balto, one of the sled dogs that brought antitoxin to Nome, Alaska, in the nineteen-twenties in time to stave off an epidemic; Baron Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, the German naturalist; Thomas Moore, the Irish poet; Robert Burns, the Scotch poet; Fitz-Greene Halleck, the American poet; the victims of the sinking of the battleship Maine; Shakespeare; Columbus; Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph; Victor Herbert; Richard Morris Hunt, the American architect; Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian patriot; the members of the Seventh Regiment who fell in the Civil War and the first World War; Daniel Webster; the Pilgrim Fathers; Schiller; Simon Bolivar, the South American revolutionary; Alexander Hamilton; John Purroy Mitchel, mayor of New York City; Albert Bertel Thorvaldsen, a Danish sculptor; Dr. J. Marion Sims, founder of the New York Women's Hospital; Sophie Irene Loeb, the founder of the Child Welfare Board of New York City; Waldo Hutchins, once president of the Administrative Board of Central Park; Dr. Daniel Draper, the first meteorologist who occupied the Park Observatory; Charles B. Stover, a Parks Commissioner; W. T. Stead, an English newspaperman who went down on the Titanic; Andrew Haswell Green, another Parks Commissioner; Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" Cornelius Vanderbilt; Lionel Sutro, once treasurer of the Community Councils of New York; Stephen C. Foster; Al Smith; a Mrs. Emma Nicholson, president of the Euphrosyne Club; General Pershing; General Bullard; General Summerall; Admiral Byrd; the late Governor Ritchie of Maryland; Thomas Edison; Madame Curie; Marshal Foch; and Henrietta Szold, founder of the New York Chapter of the Hadassah. Two men are honored twice in the Park—Shakespeare and Bolivar; Shakespeare has a statue and a garden, Bolivar a statue and a tree.

There is, of course, some statuary in the Park which does not commemorate anything except the inevitable inability of certain citizens to let well enough alone. The most familiar of these statues are "Tigress and Cubs," in front of the Zoo; "Indian Hunter," on the Mall; "The Eagles," also on the Mall; "The Falconer," near the statue of Daniel Webster; the Bethesda Fountain, on the shore of the Lake; and the bronze lioness that stands at the edge of the East Drive near Seventy-sixth Street, occasionally scaring a nocturnal motorist.

IN 1852, when the Croton Aqueduct Board bought land for a storage reservoir, the plan was to make it a rectangle bounded by Fifth and Seventh Avenues and Eighty-sixth and Ninety-sixth Streets. Before work started on the Reservoir, the Park was laid out; then followed a rare and highly useful bit of coöperation between the board of governors of the Park and the Croton Aqueduct Board, in which the Croton Aqueduct Board traded some of the land allotted it for a reservoir in return for an equal amount of Park land, so that the Reservoir might fit naturally into the lowlands of the Park. The Reservoir, covering a hundred and seven acres, is thirty-six feet deep. Its capacity is one billion U.S. gallons. The Reservoir has a surprised population of mullet, German carp, black bass, yellow and white perch, sunfish, and eels, which have been accidentally sucked into the aqueduct intake pipes in the upstate reservoirs. They are found now and then pinned to the screens covering the outlet pipes. The last time fishing was permitted in Central Park was just before the first World War, when a fisherman from the East Side showed up with a permit, duly countersigned by the Parks Commissioner, to seine the Reservoir for carp, which was ordinari-

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ly against the Park rules. He failed to net even a single carp, and ever since then any fishing done in the Park's eight bodies of water has been unsanctioned. There is a mile-and-three-quarter cinder path that circles the Reservoir; it can be covered by a fast heel-and-toe pedestrian in about sixteen minutes. Most able-bodied walkers do it in about twenty-two minutes. The seven-foot wire fence that runs between the footpath and the water is to prevent suicides, which were fairly frequent before it was put up in 1927.

The most used part of the Park's five and a half miles of bridle paths circles both the Reservoir and the North Meadow, which lies north of the Reservoir. The Park equestrians are a mixed lot, and the punctilio that reigned thirty years ago is forgotten. Early in this century there was still a bridle-path entrance opposite the Plaza Hotel, and through this gate, between six and nine of a fine morning, passed the Early Risers, a group who owned their own horses and met for breakfast at the Casino. Nowadays most of the horses seen on the paths are hired mounts from the twenty-odd riding academies that operate between Central Park West and Broadway. All together, these places offer about six hundred mounts for rent, at prices ranging from one to three dollars an hour, and board some two hundred privately owned horses.

Dutch Schultz was a Park equestrian until his death, after which his horse Sun-Tan, was bought by a riding academy. Until last year it was rented to riders who may or may not have known about the beast's lurid past. A celebrity hunter who spent his mornings this summer watching the Central Park bridle paths might have been fortunate enough to see Lionel Stander, Guy Lombardo's brother Carmen, Mitzi Green, Joseph Clark Baldwin, Grover Whalen, and Fanny Brice's daughter—not a big turnout, but nothing to the old Early Risers, who as they rode were followed by liveried grooms, the men wearing derbies and the ladies riding sidesaddle. Cornelius Kingsley Garrison Billings, a young buck of the period, once gave a formal dinner at Sherry's for the Early Risers, which was attended by horses as well as riders. There is no use pretending that this era has not passed.

BETWEEN the Reservoir and the Ninety-seventh Street transverse is nothing but the South Meadow Tennis Courts and locker rooms, and above that, to most people, Central Park is terra incognita. Just north of the trans-

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known as the North Meadow Playground, on which are laid out a running track and thirteen full-sized baseball diamonds. One of Tammany's most precious prerogatives was handing out permits for the use of these diamonds on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Today, of course, applications for permits are equitably dealt with by Mr. Moses' playground director. Most of the weekend baseball games are between teams representing business firms.

Above the North Meadow stretches a watercourse that starts on the West Side near 101st Street and continues northeast to the corner of the Park at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street. The Pool, at the western end of this watercourse, is fed by a natural spring. The water flows from the Pool in a narrow stream and down a rocky fall to the Loch, which is scarcely more than a widening of the stream. Here, around the Loch, which lies in what looks like a dark Highland glen, is the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Central Park. No part of the Park, however, is free of candy wrappers, bits of yesterday's tabloid, and other debris of pleasure. Another waterfall brings the water of the Loch down to the Harlem Meer. The residents of lower Harlem are appreciative frequenters of this part of Central Park, and it is only fair that they have, in the Harlem Meer, the prettiest of the Park's lakes. Here Peter Pappas operates his second rowboat concession and lunch counter. Below the Meer, facing Fifth Avenue, is the Conservatory Garden, perhaps the finest formal garden in New York City. Between the Garden and the southwest shore of the Meer, protected by high fences, is a section of unimproved land briefly used about five years ago for a bird sanctuary but abandoned because of poaching by the Harlemites. Near this reservation are the remains of Fort Clinton and Fort Fish, part of the city's precautions against British invasion in the War of 1812. To the west, across the motor drive and up a steep hill, is another fort, in almost perfect condition, the Block House.

From the Block House, scarcely two hundred yards below the dismal slums of Harlem, you can see the towers of Central Park South, two and a half miles away. Central Park must have something valuable to offer both these extremes, or it wouldn't still be there.

—Eugene Kinkead
and Russell Maloney

(This is the first of three articles on Central Park. The second will

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 6 (BY CABLE)

AT the moment, any letter from London must be indirectly about Moscow, because the Russian news is effectually coloring most of the local happenings. As an aftermath to the general optimism about the magnificent Russian resistance, there seems to be a movement afoot to frighten the public into realizing that it's not frightened enough. In an effort to stop anyone's thinking that Russia is doing well enough for two, almost every orator of note this week has made warning use of that key word of a year ago, "complacency." Mr. Brendan Bracken, the new Minister of Information, spoke of it as Public Enemy No. 2 at a luncheon of the Foreign Press Association. Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter Citrine both deplored any tendencies toward it in speeches at the Trades Union Congress, which has been meeting in Edinburgh.

Both of the T.U.C. speeches were in support of a resolution, unanimously carried by the Congress, affirming the "unalterable resolve" of the British working classes to destroy the Nazi-Fascist regime, their pleasure at the prospect of Anglo-American unity, and the determination of the trades unions to give all possible assistance to the Soviet. Sir Walter also administered a sharp rap to the British Communist Party, which he described as "a totally unreliable agent for carrying out any policy." During the ensuing debate, he had to take the floor again in an attempt to answer Mr. Jack Tanner, the president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, who accused the Minister of Aircraft Production, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, of expressing the hope that the German and Soviet armies would write each other off and leave Britain as the dominant power in Europe. Mr. Tanner declared that he could and would substantiate his statement that this was the sabotaging point of view of certain people "in high places." Lots of people in middling and low places feel that they'd like to hear more about this, because it might help to clear up an uneasy current of suspicion that the impediments in the way of swift maximum aid to Russia aren't entirely geographical. Considering the note of urgency in the statement on Russia drawn up at the Atlantic conference, it is felt, perhaps not unreasonably, that practical action is being disappointingly slow in getting under way.

Besides dealing out warnings against excessive optimism over the Russian campaign, the papers seem to have taken alarm over the generally rosy view of those Anglo-American relations which the T.U.C. officially welcomed. From assuring the public of a stupendous flow of American arms to this country, the press has abruptly switched to a more cautious line, apparently in an attempt to convince the British that neither United States industry nor Russian bodies are going to win their war without a corresponding straining of every muscle here. A Mr. Philip Hewett Myring wrote a letter on this subject to the *Times*, which printed it under the subtitle "Fool's Paradise" and followed up with an article educating innocent Britons in some of the facts of life regarding the workings of Congress and the powers of the President. This sudden change of tone is probably the direct result of the recent broadcast by Mr. Churchill, who really did administer a much needed jolt to the large section of the population which felt that if America hadn't yet actually waded into the war, she had certainly taken a shoe off. It was a shock, possibly an astringent one, to find that the Prime Minister still thought it necessary to utter the same plain warnings that he used to give this country in the queer nightmare period between Munich and Prague.

IN the lighter intervals between being prepared for hard times ahead, Londoners have been packing into a couple of highly topical exhibitions. One is an exhibit of Soviet life which has drawn crowds to the small Suffolk Galleries every day since its opening by Mme. Maisky. Its principal feature is the intelligent use of remarkably beautiful photographs of happy workers, contented cows, Old Testament patriarchs, New Utopia babies sunbathing in G-strings, and grandiloquent architecture. Russian war posters on display are brilliant, savage, and sometimes almost funny in their brief messages, which are not, as in England, polite injunctions to the civilian population to stay put or to avoid careless talk, but simple commands to kill as many Germans as speedily as possible. It would be instructive to know what British matrons up from the country for a day's shopping and colonels dropping in from their Pall

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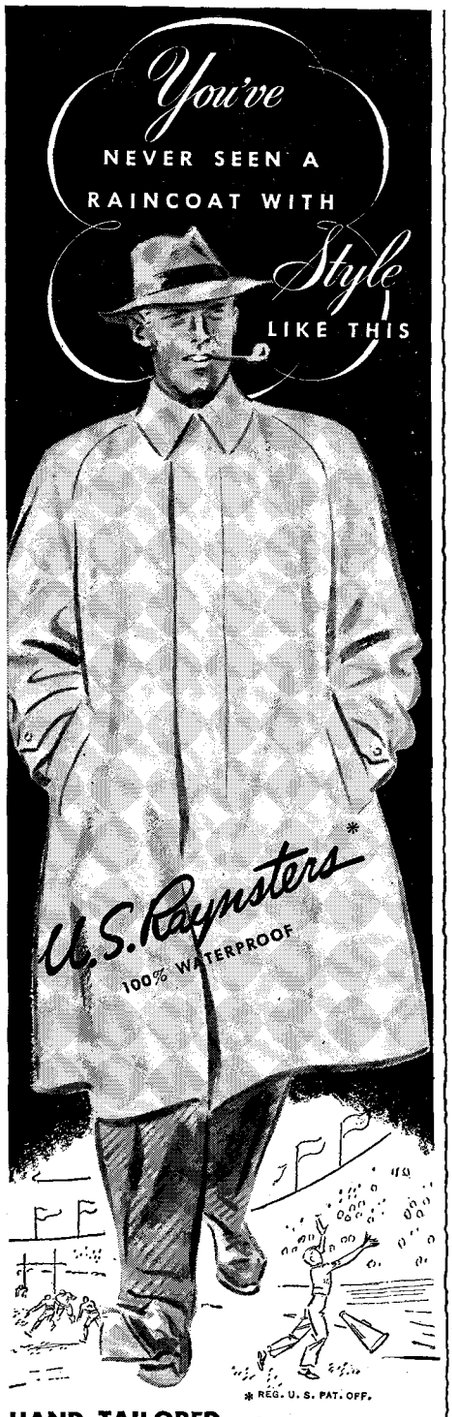

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Mall clubs think as they peer cautiously at the photographs of collective farms, high-cheekboned Soviet airmen, and "The Pickwick Papers" as presented by the Affiliated Moscow Art Theatre in a setting less reminiscent of Dickens than of "Chauve-Souris." A gramophone at the gallery ceaselessly grinds out the popular melodies of the U.S.S.R., and records and sheet music of the songs are on sale there, so British homes may soon be ringing with "Soviet Fatherland," "Salute to Life," and "Song of the Collectives."

The second exhibition shows art by and of London firemen, and is being held in the sacred purlieus of the Royal Academy. The canvases cover every aspect of the job, from a terrifying impression of a red-hot wall heeling over on two firemen to a still life called "And So to Bed," a poignant little arrangement of a dirty uniform, sodden socks, a waterlogged pack of cigarettes, and the impedimenta of helmet, axe, and respirator thrown down on a chair by some tired man. The sensation of the show is a blank space left by a river scene which was withdrawn by the censors, who presumably didn't object to the fact that it was reproduced in the catalogue. The firemen themselves, artistic and otherwise, have been turning up in force, inspecting the pictures from a realistic point of view, and chuckling happily as they identify "some of the fellows at my station" or ask each other "Brings back that night in Queen Victoria Street, don't it, Bill?" The collection has brought back several nights so vividly that the notes and silver dropped by the public into firemen's helmets at the door should benefit the firefighters' benevolent fund quite handsomely.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPT.

[*From "My Day in Court," by Arthur Train*]

Lawyers, like any other class of specialists, are chiefly concerned with their own shop, and this prevents their knowing a story when they see one. They overlook the fundamental fact that what people are really interested in is, not so much the quiddities of the law, as how human beings are going to act under the various circumstances in which life places them.

—*Page 476.*

That lawyers do not know a story when they see one is, of course, due to their overlooking the fact that what people are interested in is, not so much the quiddities of the law, as how ordinary human beings are going to act under the various circumstances in which life places them.

—*Page 486.*

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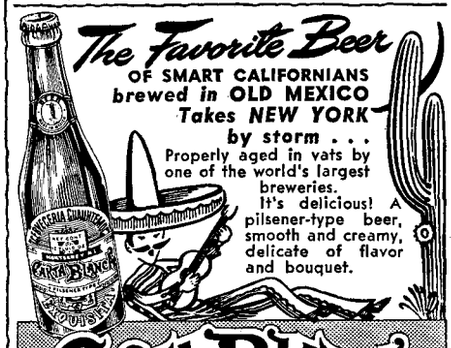

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THE ARMY LIFE

I—FIRST DAY

At the request of my local draft board, composed of my friends and neighbors, I dropped in at Pennsylvania Station shortly after eight o'clock one recent morning, carrying a small suitcase and a small hangover. Some hundred and fifty selectees, of whom I was one, were scheduled to be shipped out at that time, and none of us had any more idea of his future than a hatching egg has. At the station my presence was officially recorded by a courier from my local board, and I sat down sleepily on one of a series of benches with signs on them proclaiming that they were reserved for the use of the United States Army. They were crowded with draftees, none of whom did much talking until a uniformed soldier who was strolling around volunteered the information that we were on our way to what is called the reception centre at Camp Upton, Long Island, and that our train, a special one, would leave at 9:55. We would remain at Upton only a few days and then would be shipped elsewhere. Some of the boys rushed over to a couple of nearby phone booths to notify their families, but most of us just sat where we were until we were told to get up and walk in double file to the Long Island Railroad tracks down below.

At a little before eleven o'clock our vacation special pulled into the Camp Upton station, which resembles a freight-loading platform. A few minutes later we were standing inside a huge wooden shed, lined up in rows, with our shirts off and our pants down, while some Army medical officers cruised inquiringly around us. As soon as we were dressed again, a corporal, one of the veteran soldiers permanently stationed at the camp, climbed up on a table and revealed to us, as enthusiastically as Grover Whalen ever described lower Broadway to a Channel swimmer, that we were about to partake of an excellent hot chicken dinner. We then passed along in front of a table and each of us received two cardboard tags. Each tag bore a letter and a number. I learned I was in Company K, and being the fourteenth man in line I was K14. One tag was to be attached to a man's suitcase and the other to the man himself. The suitcases were whisked away from us, and we were instructed not to get separated from our personal tags, because the Army wanted to know who we were at all times. Then, in a disorderly, civilian approximation of a marching column, we were escorted through the camp and to a mess hall, a long wooden building decorated at appropriate intervals with densely populated strips of flypaper. Our chicken was served cafeteria style on compartmented metal trays, into which kitchen police hurled assorted bits of food as we moved processionally past their stations. Once or twice, I noticed, their aim was a little faulty and they accidentally tossed some dessert on some mashed potatoes, but I heard no complaints. After eating, we picked up our trays, silverware, and a heavy china cup that had contained a brownish liquid which, we were informed by some veteran soldiers, was coffee, and gave them back to the kitchen police.

YOU don't have to be connected with the Army for very long to realize that one of the individual soldier's greatest tribulations is not knowing what is going to happen to him next. Our first day, typically, was marked by uncertainty, and, aside from the tip about the chicken, our only piece of advance information was the news that we were scheduled to attend a movie. This kept our morale up for at least an hour, and some of the men in the group, carried away by the prospect, boldly offered to sacrifice as much as a whole week's salary, or almost five dollars, merely for the privilege of meeting the heroine in person, provided, naturally, that she was Dorothy Lamour. While engaged in such speculation, we were led into a building, fingerprinted, and asked to state who was our nearest of kin, a matter of understandable interest in military circles. We stepped briefly into a small room, where a couple of soldiers armed with tape measures inspected our arms, legs, waists, heads, and necks, and presently we marched out again, moving along briskly when it became apparent that we were heading toward a sign saying "War Department Theatre" and, presumably, toward Miss Lamour. Inside, when the lights went out, we discovered to our dismay that the movies were on the instructive side, dealing, specifically, with first aid. To begin with, we saw a selected short subject on the treatment of large, bloody wounds and the application of tourniquets. These pictures were so successfully realistic that quite a few of our group didn't look at them at all. Another film dealt with the treatment of fractures, including ugly compound ones, and a third, a comparatively restrained production, touched on the subject of removing wounded soldiers from a battlefield. We were just learning how to lift up a casualty gently and put him on a stretcher when the lights suddenly went on and a bugle blew. A soldier bearing a flag marched up on a stage in front of the screen, followed by a first lieutenant, who ordered us to stand and repeat, after him, the oath of allegiance to the United States Army. Thus, at 3:15 that afternoon, we became soldiers.

ONCE we had been accepted into the military fraternity, it was evidently unnecessary for us to learn what we should do with a man after we got him on a stretcher. At any rate, the lights stayed on and we were convoyed to a lecture hall, where each of us was handed an automatic pencil and an examination bluebook, preparatory to taking a War Department intelligence test. After a noncommissioned officer had explained in detail how to turn the head of the pencil in order to obtain more lead, a process he described as painstakingly as he might have described the construction of a tank trap, we started to answer a hundred and fifty questions, having no idea how long we would be given for the assignment. Most of the questions were simple arithmetical or language problems. We were expected, for instance, to know that four and seven totalled eleven and to associate the word "ornament" with the word "decoration" and "bore" with "drill." At a loud "Stop!" about an hour after we had begun, we were commanded to cease writing and turn in our bluebooks at the door as we left. Then we were guided by a corporal to our barracks, where we reclaimed our baggage. Each barracks was a two-story wooden building with thirty cots and a handful of straight-backed folding metal chairs on each floor. One draftee complained that he didn't see how he would be able to read in bed, since the only lights in the dormitory were single bulbs attached to the ceiling. He was advised by a corporal in charge of our quarters that he would probably be too tired to read and that

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all lights had to be out at nine o'clock anyway. I staked my claim to an unoccupied cot between cots containing a teacher of physical education who had an M.A. degree and an Assistant United States District Attorney—a couple of sociable selectees who, like myself, knew no more about soldiering than that it is an occupation in which the people involved sometimes shoot other people.

IN the Army, lunch is dinner and dinner is supper. All meals are chow. Our first supper was served shortly after five o'clock. Before leaving our barracks for the mess hall, a few instructions about recognizing and saluting officers were read to us out of a book by one of our corporals, a young man who told us he had already served two years of a three-year enlistment. At several points in his discourse, upon running unsuspectingly into a compound sentence, he would stop and ask one of us to take over for him. (In ordinary conversation, I have since learned, this corporal displays an unusually rugged, if limited, vocabulary. Like many of the men stationed at the camp, he feels obliged to employ at least one forthright obscenity in every sentence.) He had barely concluded his reading when he happened to find a pair of red dice in his pocket, which he began rolling nonchalantly on a convenient mattress. He was prevented from organizing any group activities, however, by a call to supper. We had chicken again.

After supper we returned to our barracks. The corporal told us how to make our beds and indicated that the presence of a single disfiguring wrinkle on our blankets would bring upon us such dire punishment as few men could endure. After our beds had been pronounced terrible but all right for beginners, we were permitted to go off on our own for a few hours. I went over to a post recreation centre called the Better Ole, where postcards are sold and weak beer and soft drinks are served, and had a couple of beers with a fellow from my barracks who had been drafted at the end of his junior year in college and

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now doubted whether he would ever get a degree. Having nothing better to do, we walked back to the barracks just after eight o'clock. I was surprised to find that I was tired. Some of the selectees were sitting on their beds writing letters home; one of them asked me how to spell "chicken." Some were just lying on their beds with their hands clasped behind their heads. At nine o'clock, as announced, the lights were extinguished without warning and our young corporal, who, assisted by some selectees, had been violating his own precepts about bed-wrinkling by using one cot as a dice table, assembled and led a sporting crew to the latrine downstairs, where the lights were not out. Those of us who remained upstairs went to bed a few minutes later, some boys who had pajamas getting into them but most, in established military fashion, sleeping in their underwear. There wasn't much point in staying up; we had nothing to do and we knew that we'd be awakened at 5:30 the next morning. We chatted drowsily for a few minutes about our new lives, and one selectee, who must have been a mathematician in civilian life, announced triumphantly in the darkness that he had just computed the exact number of days, hours, minutes, and seconds we still had to serve before being discharged from the Army. It probably wasn't worth the trouble, because his computations were based on a year's service. —Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

In case you're ever asked to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, just remember (a) one never asks the duke a direct question; (b) one always leaves it to him to choose the topic and change the subject. Carefully instructed in these points, Miss St. Johns quaked as she sat down with them, certain she'd be a prize-idiot dinner guest. Then the duchess displayed her brilliant talent for putting people at ease. "Darling," she cried to her husband, "you are going to have the most wonderful evening. Miss St. Johns knows *Mickey Rooney!*" —*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

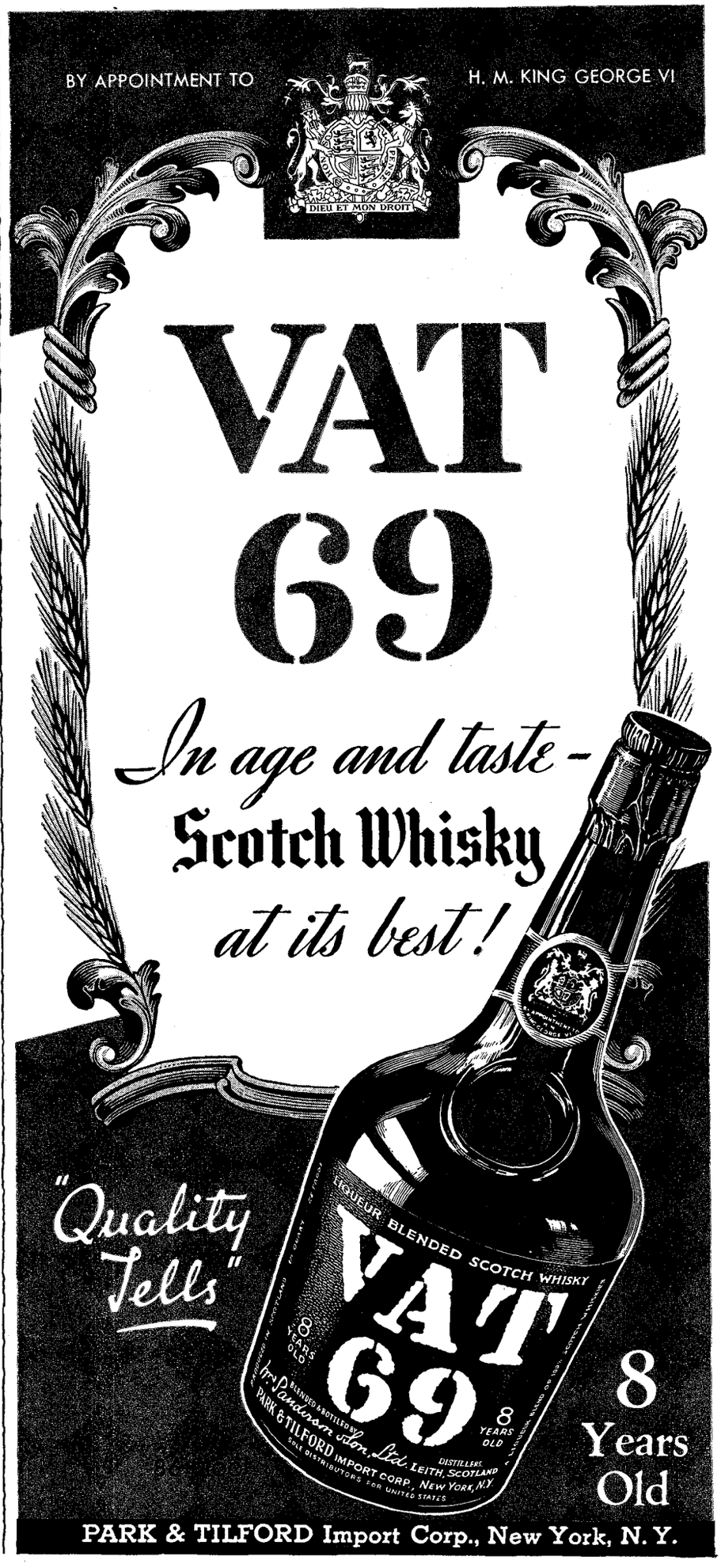
We're not at *our* ease, if that matters.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Martha Foley's foreword to Edward J. O'Brien's "The Best Short Stories of 1941"*]

For twenty-seven years Mr. O'Brien dedicated himself to a unique task. From the transient pages of magazines he gathered short stories of literary value and gave them permanent publication in book form. The standards he set for this work were so high and their impact on both readers and writers so great that it is impossible to underestimate the contribution he thus made to American literature.



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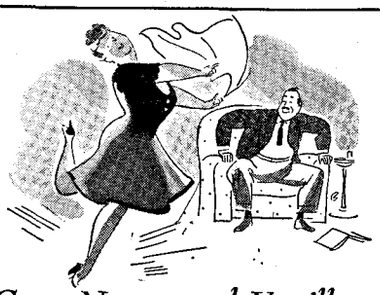

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THE RACE TRACK

Could It Be Blinkers?

IF the racing was thin at Aqueduct last week, at least there was nothing the matter with the attendance. Forty thousand horseplayers in search of a winner swarmed all over the place on the opening day, a new high for the track. On Saturday, the gate fell off to a trifling 21,000. So things weren't what you'd call dull.

Merely in passing, whatever became of the conceit that William Woodward's racers always win at Aqueduct because they train over the course? Imagine the surprise of a lot of people, just as they were hoping to recoup some of their Saratoga losses, to see Foxbrough, the best of the Woodward stable's older horses, beaten by Ponty in the Aqueduct Handicap. Up to the other day, Ponty hadn't exactly been an eighth wonder of the world. He isn't now. To be sure, he once finished in front of Whirlaway in Florida, but other three-year-olds have done that, too. Ponty was picked up for $2,500 about a year ago by Mrs. Frances Scully, whose racing jacket is bright green with a big, gold four-leaf clover on the back. Recently, Ponty's trainer hit on the expedient of running him in blinkers, and the animal led all the way, paying $21.90. Horses do the most surprising things.

The obvious reason for putting blinkers on horses is to make them look directly ahead and not goggle round at other horses or the bright lights of the tote board. A man I know used to bet on every two-year-old who was wearing blinkers for the first time, and he'd win amazingly at long odds.

Getting back to Mr. Woodward's racers, Foxbrough didn't do at all well in the Edgemere Handicap, winding up in third place behind Market Wise and Royal Man, both of whom he'd beaten earlier in the week. Perhaps his knees bothered him or he didn't like his jockey, Donoso. I expect that Your Chance, who hadn't been out since the Massachusetts Handicap in July, will do better next time; not even the most energetic efforts of Meade could make him catch up with Foxbrough.

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of the Saratoga meeting has been able to give weight and a beating to his opposition, which, after all, is the final test of a good colt; on the other hand, Requested has been doing this since early in the summer. In the race last weekend, he conceded thirteen pounds to Dogpatch and Apache (another of Mr. Woodward's horses), and won with something to spare. He is not in The Futurity, an oversight owners of eligibles don't regret in the least. Should he win the Cowdin Stakes on Saturday, and my guess is he will, he'll have a clean sweep of Aqueduct's stakes races for colts.

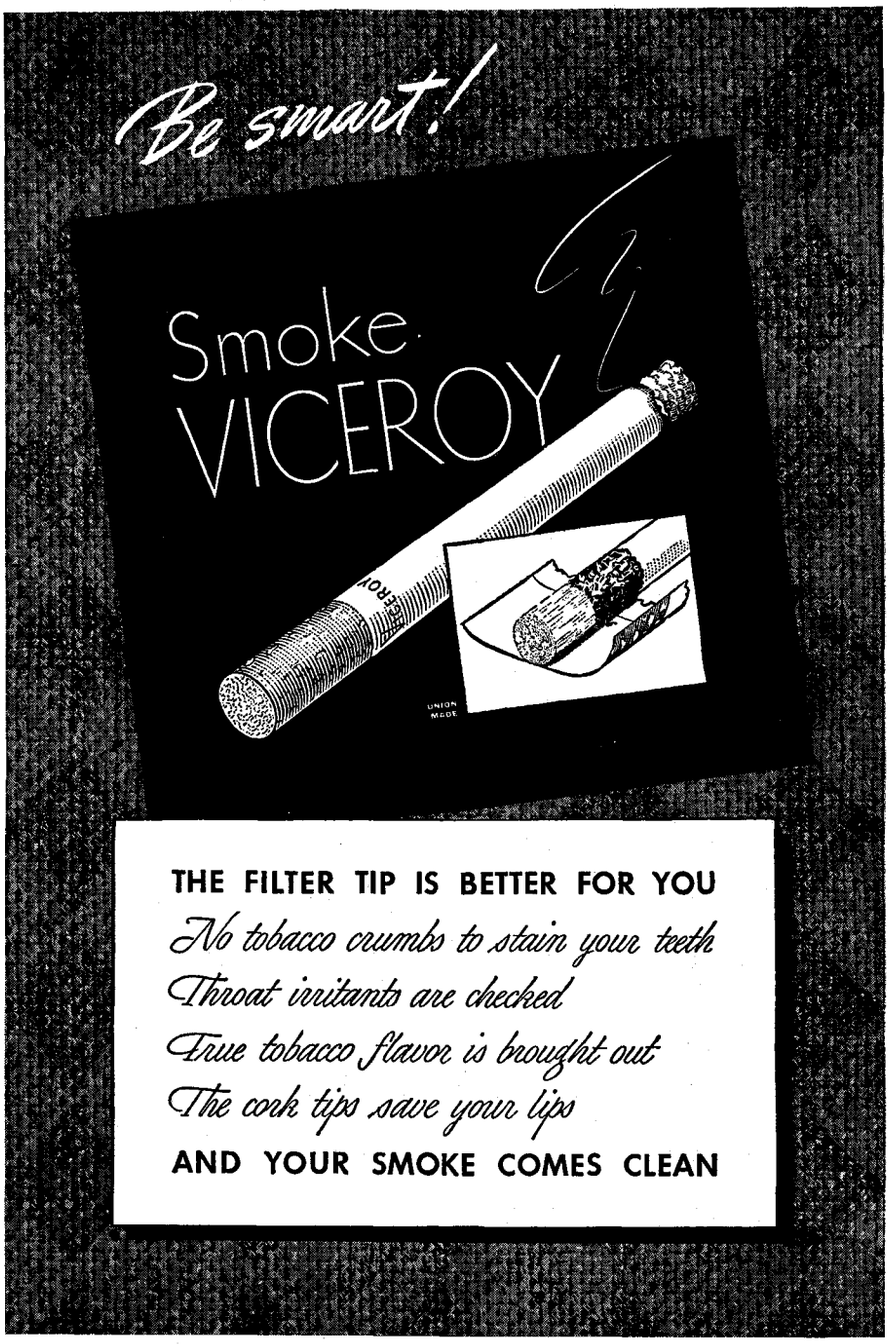
I'M sure that everyone who saw the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga was glad there was no sentimental nonsense over the punishment of Arcaro for messing it up. After all, he is no green hand at catch-as-catch-can or any other kind of riding. A story I liked about the Hopeful was that Arcaro, who was on Shut Out, and Meade, who rode Amphitheatre, agreed the night before the race that whichever won would divide the winning jockey's bonus of around $3,500 with the other, a permissible arrangement because their horses were coupled in the betting. However, because they thought Devil Diver, the third member of the entry, didn't have much chance they deliberately left Skelly, who rode him, out of the agreement. Well, as you may recall, Devil Diver led all the way, Shut Out was second, and Amphitheatre third. Incidentally, I have a notion that Devil Diver, who is a fast colt, may turn out to be a good one.

MAYBE you never noticed it, but on every tote ticket there is a code word—usually of four or five letters—which doesn't make much sense. It's printed on just before each race to minimize the chances of counterfeiting. Colonel Martingale loved the word on the tickets issued for the Saratoga Cup. It was "FUNNY." —AUDAX MINOR

•

EAST WILTON—Mrs. Richard W. Austin has received word that her son, Richard W. Austin, who is serving in the U.S. Army in Hawaii, has been promoted to private first class, fourth class specialist, gunner's mechanic, and has been transferred from Fort Shafter to Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, T.H. in blue silk crepe with hat and accessories to match, and carried a bouquet of delphinium and roses.
—*Lewiston (Me.) Daily Sun.*

Can you imagine him when he gets his commission?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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

BLINDING flashes of lightning frequently make more exciting stories than the comfortable joys of a lovely spring day, and maybe that's why lightning flashed continuously during the opening of the first autumn collections in these parts. Even those who *hadn't* spent the summer just lolling in old slacks must have been a little overcome by the dazzle. For one thing, you might think that the skimpy bathing suits of the past season would have produced sufficient expanses of tan to fill in any civilized décolletage. The mannequins have learned better. The beguiling, deep square necklines of some of the frothy evening dresses at Bonwit Teller's Salon de Couture, for instance, are low enough to show a neat edging of white skin where the summer tan leaves off; Bergdorf's spectacular, long-sleeved dinner dresses have narrow V necks that descend literally to the waistline in front. Everywhere, sequins glitter, velvet and wool combine luxuriously, and brilliant colors prevail.

However, as I look back on the first three collections to open, the thing that stands out in my mind is the number of comfortable, lovely clothes that quietly abound. Many of these suggest the youthful uniforms designed by Chanel and Vionnet in the early twenties. They're two-piece wool dresses with hip-length jumper tops, usually buttoned in a tailored fashion up to prim collars, but completely 1941 in the way they ease into the natural waistline. Many of the tops can be used as suit jackets, too. Bergdorf Goodman, in their beautiful collection of town-or-country wool ensembles, show several which have contrasting wool blouses in this tailored jumper-or-jacket style. Jay-Thorpe have some beauties, among them a mustard wool one with the lovely collar the shop is featuring; it tapers down in front and flares above the ears into a high, gathered affair behind. Fira Benenson's collection at Bonwit Teller includes a dress that is wholeheartedly reminiscent of the flapper era, being made of a bright-red wool jersey with brass buttons. The sweater-top kind of evening dress is blossoming out all over in things that give a two-piece effect by clinging to the figure well down to the hips and being glamoured up below with horizontal rows of sequins. At Bergdorf Goodman, in particular, you'll see quantities of easy, flowing dresses which are also in the early-Vionnet style; they're made of soft wools in blurred colors and often boast hemstitched detail through the bodice. Nothing has ever been more flattering to the figure than this type, and the idea bobs up again here in cocktail-hour dresses of brocaded black or brown faille with very full circular skirts and big buttons on their bodices below V necks.

For all this harking back to the past, nothing in the collections really smacks of revival, for, no matter what you may hear, reverence is paid everywhere to the American preference for the long, uncomplicated lines that do the most for any figure. To give you an example, there was much ballyhoo at first about the new S silhouette created by Benenson—talk of the derrière coming outward and upward in the elegant Sargent-portrait manner. Well, the fact is that Benenson adores all kinds of froufs and folds underneath the chin, which impel you to carry your head high and your shoulders back in a more regal manner than you are accustomed to, but you may be reassured to learn that she has not forsaken a smooth and easy line through the waist and hips. A slight fold easing outward in back from a point well down on the hips is the extent of the derrière scare.

THESE flippant folds which Benenson places under the chin, and the amused-superiority look that results, are a great highlight in the Bonwit Teller showing. Navy faille folds top a simple dress of navy wool with a wrapped faille midriff; a black wool dress has a taffeta froufrou under the chin; a jutting jabot of Persian lamb appears on one of the simple, black fitted coats for which this house is famous; and a similar coat has black fox placed high in the front only, with great ovals of fur over the hollow of each shoulder. For late afternoon, the trick is to have detachable, frivolous ascots to place on the simplest of black velveteen dresses. Some are made of

"Of course, if you want a dog that will rescue you from drowning, that's another story."

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ruffled net and others of ruffled black Chantilly-type lace with a fat, pink rose at each end, and there are huge, fluffy muffs to match, with a full-blown pink rose or a feathery bluebird stuck on them here and here—silly and imaginative without interfering with the basic rightness of the dress beneath.

There are always simple, well-cut suits to be found here, like one consisting of a fitted velvet jacket, a wool dress decorated only with discreet hemstitching at the neck and on the upper arm just below the shoulders, and an ascot gleaming with black sequins. A bright-green wool suit has black Persian-lamb trimmings at the back of the neck, on the revers, and on the pockets. For cocktails and dinner, Miss Benenson has a weakness for stiff fabrics, using a navy faille, for instance, to make a dress with an ascot of purple velvet, and black damask for a suit that has a jacket with two mirror link buttons at its waistline and a dress with an inverted pleat in the front of its skirt and the Jutting Treatment under the chin.

For evening, the Benenson taste calls for two sharply defined styles. One is the elusive and romantic filmy lace affair, and nobody handles this kind of year-in-year-out charmer better. For this, she uses frail lace and chiffon or lace and net in red or black or cocoa colorings; fine lace over shiny sheaths of black satin; heavier lace in every color, made in slender, tiered effects—always with those beautiful décolletages of hers that usually cover the shoulders in a misty sort of way, leaving daring ovals in back and deeply exposing the chest. When she is not in a dreamy mood, her dinner things are the covering-up kind and incisive: sharp, nipped-in jackets and slender dresses with V backs, square necklines, and that smooth line through the body which she does so well. This year, her familiar black crêpe sheath has a waist-length jacket with a deep yoke of jet edged with jet fringe. Another sheath is made of a stiff, pale-blue tie silk with tiny black figures scattered over it; the jacket is of the same material and has diamond-shaped patterns of sparkling jet here and there, besides. The same sort of dress may also be made of a cerise-and-black checked tie silk with black sequin lapels, or of a cerise satin brocade like ancestral upholstery. The whole collection breathes simplicity, luxury, and great chic, and the ready-to-wears will never look quite so good to you again.

AT Jay-Thorpe, the selection of woollen suits for town or country rates enthusiastic approval, too. Here,

(PRONOUNCED "MAY WE"
—MEANS "BUT YES!")
mais Oui
frankly flirtatious
Fresh as April . . . irresistible as moonlight . . . and as conspiring as romance itself! Here is a fragrance created for unforgettable moments—audacious, and to be used with caution!
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PERFUME $1.50 TO $10
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

the exaggerated, long fitted jacket, tunic style, is still receiving the attention it deserves, notably as part of a black wool town suit, in which it appears with narrow bands of Persian edging it; there is also a band of Persian around the skirt, halfway down, and still another at its hem. (The reappearance of fur-banded hems here and there this season is odd and charming.) You'll find many capes, such as a below-hip one in gray jersey (they are nuts at J.-T. about every shade of gray there is) with that gathered, high-in-back collar they also dote on, and a circular hip-length one of mustard wool worn over a high-necked black street dress. Moreover, Jay-Thorpe show the proper concern for country life with de-luxe slack suits with fly-front, tailored gray flannel pants, tailored tops, and, sometimes, rust-colored topcoats lined with gray-and-white squirrel.

For more formal day occasions, this shop goes overboard about the combination of wool and velvet. A two-piece jumper dress which resembles a suit comes in black wool, with black velvet edging the square pockets that descend in front of each hip. This trig little business also turns up with a black velvet skirt and a turquoise wool jumper for informal on-to-dinner occasions. They are fond of wool dresses with matching scalloped or leaf-shaped velvet bands applied; on a dark-green one, for example, the bands emphasize the gores of the skirt, and there are outstanding dresses of a warm taupe wool with similar treatment.

THE babies' primer of fashion tells you that Bergdorf Goodman's clothes always have beautiful and completely effortless lines. So, with nothing to worry about in that connection, I was in a position this time to concentrate on and be overwhelmed by the shop's beautiful use of color. The combination of black and a rich, red, cinnamony brown looks ever so easy and worldly in a black wool dress that has a cinnamon yoke extending over the arm halfway down the sleeve and is topped by a fitted jacket of a checked brown, black, and white wool. A black skirt, a cinnamon jacket, and a brown-and-black plaid faille blouse is another triumph. There's also a bright-brown day dress with a black wool coat that has a brown fur collar, and another dress with beaver around its hem and edging the longish peplum of its jacket. Then there are clothes in greens of every possible shade, from soft, blurred reseda (with brown gloves and accessories, they look divine) to bright Kelly green, which appears in a suit with leopard revers and a yellow jumper. A good, old-fashioned blue-to-match-your-eyes blue is on view, too, as well as purple—this in a fitted wool coachman's coat that has pocket flaps over the top of each hip and a dress to match. Another topcoat is a violent pink-red, lined with nutria, and is worn over a suit of the same color. There are obvious and delightful color combinations, like that of a red-and-black checked swagger coat which goes with a simple, black wool-jersey belted dress with bone buttons, and subtle combinations of grays and beiges and greiges in dresses with jacket, jumper blouse, or sweater in a definite color. Not being one who cottons to the idea of country ensembles which look too carefully planned, I also loved the many three-piece wool jacket suits (usually accompanied by those buttoned jumper blouses I keep harping on), worked out, say, in two shades of greige with a light-yellow jacket or gray and black with a pale-blue one.

For dressy afternoons, bright spots include a strictly tailored suit, with inverted pleats, made in a black-and-gold lamé check like the pattern of a loud sports jacket; or you may prefer a black crêpe dress with a black satin jacket that has black sequins making the tailored revers and the belt across its back. For evening, Bergdorf Goodman—but I can't go further into the evening-clothes situation this week. For one thing, I'm still a little short of breath. —L. L.

•

***An act** to provide for the acquisition of a suitable plot of land for, and the erection thereupon of, a monument to the spirit of freedom and the pioneers of the United States and of the State of California by the Department of Public Works. The people of the State of California do enact as follows:*

SECTION 1. The Department of Public Works is hereby authorized to receive from any person, corporation, political subdivision, public district, public agency or from the United States or any agency thereof gifts and contributions, including a suitable plot of land for the erection, construction, furnishing, and administration of the monument hereinafter described within the State of California.

SEC. 2. The monument shall be known as The Monument to the Spirit of Freedom and the Pioneers of the United States and of the State of California and shall contain the following features:

(a) Thirteen circular and concentric steps representing the thirteen original States of the United States, leading up to

(b) Forty-eight columns, representing the present States of the United States, supporting

(c) A gear wheel with 48 cogs, each cog

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large enough to contain an exhibit room, representing the spirit of science and progress and the indestructible unity of the United States and its constituent States, and

(d) Forty-eight statues, each one of a pioneer, to be placed in each space between each two cogs surmounted by an

(e) Exhibit room built in the form of a cross with niches on the exterior surface in which statues may be placed, the subject thereof to be chosen at the discretion of the board, and on the roof of the exhibit room

(f) Two statues of California bears, one facing north and the other facing south, a statue of the first mother of California facing east and holding the first child to be born in this State, representing the newborn coming to life as the sun rises, a statue of the first immigrant scout of California facing the West, and in the center

(g) A dome in the form of the Liberty Bell showing the crack and inside the dome paintings of war scenes to be selected in the discretion of the board and a statue of the man who rang the Liberty Bell so hard that it was cracked, supporting

(h) A tower rising to a height of 800 feet from the top of the Liberty Bell and containing elevators running to

(i) A combination observation room and Naval and weather observation station, surmounted by

(j) A powerful light projecting its beams through the darkness for the protection of the monument from airplanes and a flagpole bearing the glorious emblem of this country, its liberty and progressiveness, surrounded by

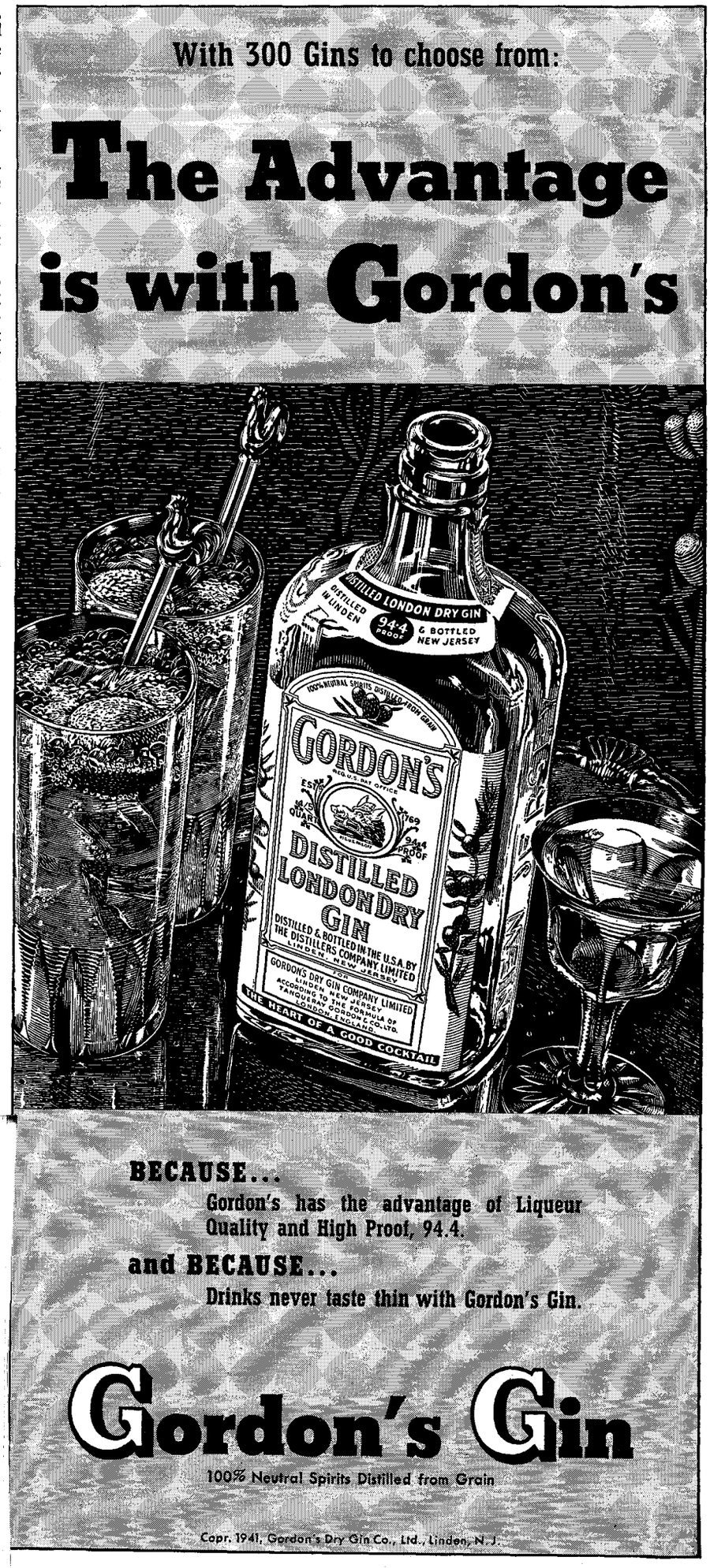
(k) Four statues of American eagles facing north, south, east and west representing the keenness of vision of the United States, to be outlined in Neon lights.... —*From a bill introduced in the California Legislature.*

What kind of frosting?

•

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

"You've read Mayne Reid," my father says,
"Frank Forester, and Oliver Optic—"
I shake my head: for all they mean ...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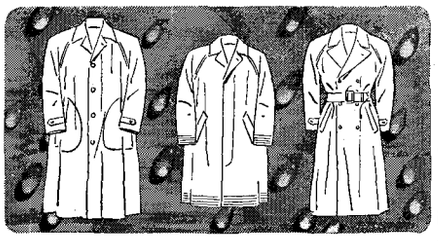

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DUST TO DUST

FOR five months now I have had a room in Mary Pickford's old California beach house. I am thinking of moving, not because the glamour of the place has fallen off—imagine having two of Mary's old dining-room chairs in your bedroom—but because the house has begun to be damp and moldy after months of rain and fog, and because I wake up each morning with an increasing number of sand-flea bites.

The outside of the house has retained a great deal of its original grandeur. When I first approached it with a cabman to whom I had confided my financial limitations, its magnificence seemed forbidding, and I wished I had hired a more knowing driver. But once inside, I stopped worrying about the place being too elegant for my wallet. Never has there been a more unkempt, disintegrating house. The only recommendations were the price of rooms and a good view of the ocean over a Coca-Cola sign on the roof of a hot-dog stand next door. This view and the fact that I was tired out made me stay, even though I was ignorant of the history of the house. It seems that Miss Pickford's name cannot be used to lure guests. As soon as I had taken a room, I was, of course, enlightened.

The house has a population of about thirty, including a number of defence workers in an airplane factory, a bartender, three barmaids, a dealer in a gambling house, a man who tends livestock on freight trains, a retired widow, two unretired widows, a former actress who is now a historian, an unretained film writer, a Lancashire washerwoman with a cockney husband, three dogs, a duck, and a hopeful writer, cartoonist, painter, or actor, depending on his mood and his last rejection.

It was Douglas Fairbanks's house as well, I am told. He and Miss Pickford built it about twenty years ago, in a great state of mutual affection and of consideration for Mary's relatives. A massive fireplace of what must be Spanish design is the only thing that could be associated with him, and there is, unfortunately, nothing that suggests her. The wallpaper and the plumbing are in a threatening state of decay. The sunroom roof leaks. The furnace is susceptible to drafts and sometimes fills the basement with escaping gas.

By a special coöperative arrangement, one of the roomers collects money from and cooks for the others, in return for her own and her children's food. Breakfast—a dollar a week—is served in the Fairbankses' kitchen from ten until one. Dinner—two dollars a week—is served there from three until seven. Since breakfast and dinner almost dovetail, nothing is ever done about lunch.

MISS PICKFORD still owns the house, but she hasn't been near it in several years, the landlady tells me. The property, including an annex next door, where Jack and Lottie Pickford once lived, a garage with an apartment above it, and servants' quarters, is for sale for $35,000.

One lady boarder insists that hidden jewels and money are on the premises. It seems that a jewel thief, a pleasant young man with a good deal of ready money, came last summer and acquired Mary's and Doug's own old front bedroom. The other guests began to wonder about him when he bought three new Buicks, but no one was quite prepared to learn that the police had nabbed the elegant young man and escorted him to prison.

"And he was such a nice young man," the lady boarder repeats sadly. "I was sorry to see him carried off like that."

If it weren't for the insects, I probably would stay on. I really dislike leaving such an entertaining household, especially since I have been informed that the vacuum cleaner is going to begin a tour soon, after four weeks of disrepair, and that the private beach I have tracked into my room will be suctioned away along with the peculiar, hazy gathering of dust or sea foam on the floor that keeps making me think that I am going blind.

"That's just house moss," the housekeeper has informed me.

—PAUL ENGLAND

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Greer affair indicates that Berlin's attitude has not improved since the days of the first World War. The Atlantic is a German lake and no boating is allowed.

•

Mussolini's paper announces that he and Hitler plan to unite all Europe into one great state. Guess who would do the stating.

•

Our shipments of gasoline to Russia have brought pain to Japanese hearts. "You can't do that," says Tokio, "to a dear friend of ours."

•

In twelve weeks of war, the Nazis have not found anything lootable in the U.S.S.R. The Russians have given up nothing but geography, of which they have too much.

•

Lindbergh says that Britain might turn against us "as she has turned against France and Finland." According to many instrument panels, the great flier has achieved a new low altitude.

•

Americans cannot complain of lack of information about the progress of the defence effort. We have the President to tell us how much we are producing and Harry Byrd to tell us how little.

•

The invasions of Iran by England and Russia have helped the Shah make up his mind. It is impossible to resist two powerful arguments like those.

•

The income-tax bill as passed by the Senate will greatly enlarge the social circle of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. About twelve million people in all will be cordially invited to help make Uncle Sammy run.

•

The primary petition of John R. Davies, anti-LaGuardia G.O.P. candidate, has been voided because of fraudulent signatures. His name, however, will be written in on the ballot by his admirers, whom he reckons by the dozen.

•

Perhaps the railway workers should have a raise, but a strike just now would be most untimely. A couple of years ago, on the other hand, we would hardly have noticed the difference.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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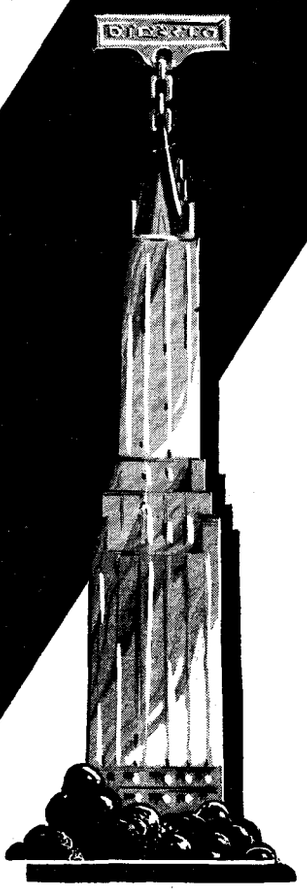

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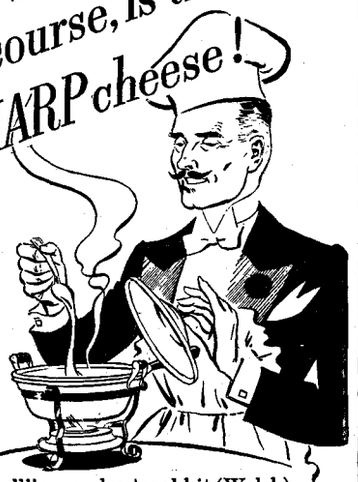
The secret, of course, is this SHARP cheese!



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THE TENNIS COURTS

No, It Isn't the Breeze

THE winner and champion all over again is Robert L. Riggs. (Very mixed response from the gallery.) Playing calmly and deftly, with little regard for a heavy barrage of slings and arrows from the spectators, Riggs scampered up the comeback trail at Forest Hills last Sunday and recovered the title that got away last year. There didn't seem to be much that Frank Kovacs or the plain and fancy witchcraft of the gallery could do to stop him. Kovacs faded quickly after winning the first set. The crowd hung on for a while longer, crying "Fault" every now and then when Riggs was serving and whistling at most of the anti-Kovacs decisions, but by the beginning of the fourth set they too resigned themselves to defeat and sat back to wonder how it all came about. It was a reasonable question. On the day before, Kovacs had quelled a rampant McNeill in short order, while Riggs had come close to losing to Schroeder. Yet in the final, Kovacs had to play twelve games to win the first set, and from then on he went downhill as though he were on casters. "How so?" was what everybody, with the possible exception of Riggs, was asking himself.

Some say that the Clown—who, incidentally, didn't cut a single caper all week—was disrupted by the wind on Sunday. Well, it's true that a small monsoon was whipping through Forest Hills that afternoon. It brought down a hanging lamp in the marquee and almost broke up a telegraphers' card game, and in the tea garden it lifted a beach umbrella forty feet into the air. On the other hand, Riggs and Kovacs played each other last year at Southampton in a gale of about the same proportions, and then it was Riggs who seemed the more unmanned. At least he lost the match. From where this department sits, it seems logical that Riggs' game should be affected by the breezes more seriously than Kovacs'. Both players are precisionists, aiming for the lines and relying on delicacy of touch, but a Kovacs ball in flight stays closer to the ground and is therefore subjected for a shorter period of time to whatever is stirring aloft. Riggs' drives are slower and high-

And in the Latin American vogue —the music of Gus Martel and his "Gauchos"

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er. One of his best shots, furthermore, is a lob which either lands smack dab on the baseline or comes mighty, mighty close. A shot like that, as you can plainly see, is a sucker for a zephyr. No, sir, it wasn't the wind that pestered Kovacs, although he may have known it was blowing. It was largely the fact that Riggs didn't slam away at him as McNeill did, so he never got a chance to use his boomerang ball, which thrives on speed. Riggs gave him spinners and lobs and drop shots, and hell generally, and, most important, committed a very small fraction of the errors that McNeill had contributed the day before. It's perfectly possible that Kovacs had cooled somewhat after the blazing heat he'd shown in the semifinal, but Riggs kept the hose on him anyway and saw to it that he didn't spread. Of course, this is only one man's sound, authoritative, irrefutable opinion.

MRS. SARAH COOKE finally turned the trick, winning her first singles championship after about fifteen years of honest endeavor. She beat Miss Pauline Betz in the final, which may or may not be considered an upset. Miss Betz was seeded No. 1, but it must have taken considerable thought by the committee to dope out the relative merits of the ladies this year. Mrs. Cooke's record was about as good as anybody's, and now it's a smidgen better.

LAST WORDS: Galleries will still believe in 1942, probably, that if a ball raises white dust, it must be good. The fact is that chalk gets spread around a bit in the course of a match, and there may well be patches of it outside the lines. —D. E. L.

•

Memorandum for all Government Employees:

Your cooperation is requested in the introduction and use of the new slogan "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" which is rapidly coming into nation-wide use as an everyday expression by persons in all walks of life. "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" is designed as an expression of felicity and high morale, and it can be used as a toast. It pertains to the wheels of progress of the whole National Defence effort, as well as to airplanes.

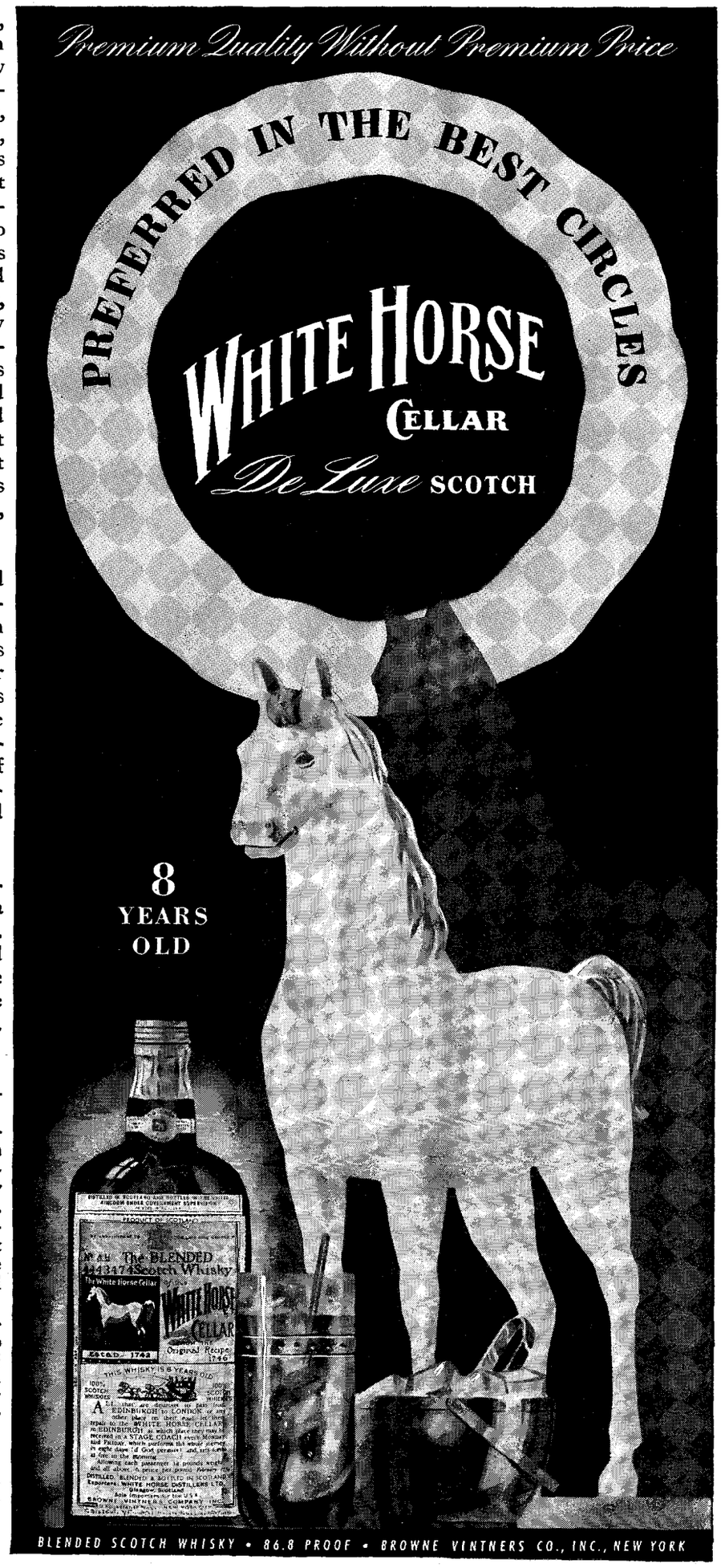
The campaign now under way is intended to popularize "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" to the extent that it will be used instead of such expressions as "So Long!," "Goodbye!," "I'll be seeing you!," "Good night!," "Aloha!," "Down the hatch!," "How!," "Best of luck!," etc.

Thank you, and "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

U.S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE.

—Memo found in a Washington wastebasket.

Skoal!



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ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE

AGNES EVANS had been afraid of electrical storms ever since she could remember. Rather than be alone when the lightning commenced and the wind started blowing wildly through the treetops, she wandered into the playroom, where her small son was, and went through the motions of putting the place in order. Boyce had been sick. He had only got up out of bed the day before and he was still pale, but otherwise he seemed perfectly all right. All of his soldiers and every toy automobile, tractor, train, and truck he owned were spread out over the floor. He was having a blitzkrieg, he explained, and so she confined her straightening to the low bookshelves. She did not tell him that she was afraid of the storm. Although she was ashamed to admit it, she was afraid of Boyce, too. He was only seven, but he was large for his age and horribly intelligent, sometimes.

The air turned pink outside and immediately afterward there was a clap of thunder that sounded as if the house next door had been struck. Agnes shuddered and turned her head away. Boyce waited until she had regained her composure, and then he announced that there was no reason to be afraid of thunder; it was caused by two clouds coming together. Lightning was what killed people.

It rained steadily and hard for two hours, and at quarter after five, when the storm was almost over, she went downstairs to put Boyce's supper in the oven. On the way to the kitchen she glanced at the sunroom to see whether her husband had closed the window. It was the last thing she had said to Walter before he drove off to have the rear tires changed at the Ford garage in Norwalk. The window was wide open. The pillows on the chaise longue had been rained on, and one corner of the rug. Somebody—Boyce, perhaps—had carried the telephone book in there, and that too was soaking wet.

As soon as she was through in the kitchen, she put an iron doorstop under the rug and hung the pillows on the clothesline in the back yard. The telephone rang while she was out of doors and she ran back into the house to answer it. The connection was bad, on account of the storm, but she made out that it was Walter calling from the Center Store in Wilton. He had run into the Coopers, he said. They were just back from Mexico and he had asked them over for a drink. Was that all right?

It was not all right, but Agnes managed to hang up without saying so. She hardly knew the Coopers. Walter had lunch with Mr. Cooper occasionally in town, and for that reason she and Mrs. Cooper had drummed up a speaking acquaintance at the Garden Club, but they hardly ever saw each other anywhere else. Besides, Thursday was Helene's afternoon off.

Agnes emptied the ashtrays in the living room and put the magazines away. Then she went upstairs to the playroom, separated Boyce from his armies, and dragged him off to the bathroom. Walter and the Coopers hadn't come when she finished washing his face and hands, so she decided to put a blue linen play suit on him. Boyce wanted to wear his alpine suit instead, with the little gray donkey on the front of the trousers.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to wear the play suit," Agnes said to him. If he wore the other one, she'd have to change his socks, and there wasn't time. "The play suit is nicer anyway," she said, "and plenty good enough for the Coopers." Boyce removed the whole matter from rational consideration by starting to cry. It was no effort for him at any time. All he had to do was open his mouth and screw his face up, and the tears were forthcoming. Rather than argue with him when he'd been sick—and because there really wasn't time to take a firm stand—she gave in. She was still struggling with his shoes and socks when the dog began barking and two cars turned into the drive.

IN the first excitement of the Coopers' arrival, Agnes tried surreptitiously to put the dog outside, but Walter saw her and said, "Oh, let him stay, Ag. He'll be all right," and the next five minutes were given over to suppressing an Airedale. Laddie went from one person to another, sniffing and showing his teeth ingratiatingly and managing somehow to bound between the sofa and the coffee table without quite upsetting either. Walter shouted "Sit down, Lad! Sit! Sit!" until all conversation was suspended. Eventually Laddie did sit, but he got right up again and

went over to Mrs. Cooper. He persisted in shaking hands with her, and in the end he made a mark on her white skirt. Agnes apologized and shut him up in the sunroom. By that time it seemed to her that the Coopers had been there for hours.

They were both very brown and looked as if travel agreed with them. They'd had a fine trip, Mrs. Cooper said. Mexico—she pronounced it "Mehico"—was too beautiful for words. And they were glad to get home, even though they did arrive in the middle of a cloudburst. While she was talking she tried to get Boyce to sit down beside her on the sofa, but he wiggled free. She changed her tactics then and asked him about the cloth animal appliquéd on his stomach. Was it an elephant? No, Boyce said. Was it a duck? No, Boyce said, it was a donkey. What was the name of the donkey? Just donkey, Boyce said, so firmly that she let it go at that and began to tell him how lonely it was at her house without any little boys, and how happy she'd be if he came and lived with her. Boyce withdrew hastily around the back of the sofa and went and stood in front of Mr. Cooper.

"Boyce's been sick," Walter said, putting ice into highball glasses.

"Oh dear," Mrs. Cooper sighed. "What a pity that little boys have to be sick!"

Boyce glanced at her thoughtfully. Then he turned and stared at Mr. Cooper's tortoiseshell glasses. Mr. Cooper was a thin, small-boned man and the glasses almost disposed of his face altogether. He took them off and put them on Boyce's nose, where, Agnes decided, they really didn't look so odd after all. Certainly not as odd as they would have on some children.

"Take them off, Ed!" Mrs. Cooper said. "You'll make him cross-eyed."

Mr. Cooper smiled and put the glasses in his coat pocket. "What was the matter with you when you were sick, Boyce?" he asked. "Did you have the measles?"

Boyce shook his head.

"Did you have the chicken pox?"

"No," Boyce said.

"Did you sneeze?"

Boyce hesitated. "Yes," he said, "I sneezed."

"Then you must have had a cold," Mr. Cooper concluded triumphantly.

Mrs. Cooper smiled and turned to Agnes. "What *was* the matter with him?" she asked.

"Just what he said—a cold," Agnes explained, and went out to the kitchen to make some canapés. The air was

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[illegible] for all
people in your
those better times
going back tomorrow?
sure we both wish you the
of luck."

"Stop and have a cup of tea," Mrs. Purvey said. "Do, Mr. Martin! I always make tea about this time." Her voice, at once urgent and hesitating, made the words seem charged with some illicit invitation. "Tom, just go and put the kettle on the gas ring."

Mr. Purvey did not move.

"It's very kind of you, Mrs. Purvey," the young man said, "but I think I'll be getting along, thank you all the same. So here's cheerio and goodbye."

AFTER the young man had gone, the Purveys looked at each other. Tears began to stream down Mrs. Purvey's face. Her husband flushed uneasily; even his ears grew red.

"Oh God, aren't we awful?" Mrs. Purvey said. "Why on earth did you stop me?"

"Good thing if I did. You need them as much as he does. More. You know how you feel if you can't get your smoke, Doreen."

"You know what my temper's like, more likely," she said.

He pulled out his handkerchief and began tenderly to dry her cheeks. Having last been used in the cupboard, the handkerchief was dusty. She sneezed.

"Really, Tom, you're worse than a mother."

"And it's my duty to look out for you," he continued. "That's how I see it. You first, the rest nowhere. If it was wagonloads of Martins, you'd come first. Why don't you have one now? Slip away into the back and have one?"

She opened the box, drew a long breath, and ran her finger delicately along the ribbed ranks under the paper covering. "No. I'll wait till this evening, till I can give my whole mind to it. And you'll have one too, Tom?"

"Well, just to keep you company," he said.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

Dogs that are easy to approach when free on the street are often untouchable when inside their master's ears.—*Troy (N.Y.) Times-Record.*

They're not letting anybody touch that drum—that's why.

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bled at and changed, in one way or another, by such factors as pressure of wealth, a growing population, and the notion common to municipalities that change and progress are synonymous. It is almost as if the Park had a definite purpose of its own, and a definite personality.

Central Park today presents the rather tough and worldly-wise face of a winner in the metropolitan struggle for survival. Within the six miles of stone wall that bound it you can see all the good and bad qualities of the city outside the walls, and evidence besides that this plot of land has had as peculiar adventures as any eight-hundred-and-forty-acre tract in the world. O. Henry made the Park a painted backdrop for his marionette cops, millionaires, and bums, but the Park has three dimen-

rectly opposite No. 25 Central Park West, where Ethel Merman and Jack Dempsey have apartments, there is a glacial pothole, a depression ground out of the rock by the glacier when herds of mammoths roamed the region. The highest land in the Park lies about three hundred yards southwest of the Obelisk; this is a hundred and thirty-eight and a half feet above sea level. The shore of the Park's Harlem Meer, near the intersection of 110th Street and Fifth Avenue, is only five feet above sea level. In the pools and lakes of the Park are vestiges of the watercourses that traced the island before there was a house on it. The pond near the corner of Central Park South and Fifth Avenue, for example, was formed by damming up Turtle Creek, which ran southeast from what is now the corner

acres, or a
the Park's area.
dred and forty-one
vated lawns, fifty-eight acres
facilities of one kind or another,
the remainder woods, groves, shrubbery, and roads. The Park contains twenty-five hundred benches, which provide places for ten thousand people to sit down. In the Park are eighty-four drinking fountains, four hundred trash receptacles, fifty-two bridges, fourteen flagpoles, fourteen hundred and eighty-five street lamps, and ninety-five buildings—the elements of a thriving little community.

There are thirty-seven entrances to the Park—eighteen widely separated ones specified in the original plan, and nineteen others cut through in later and more impatient eras. Few people these

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still heavy after the thunderstorm and all the moisture in the surrounding atmosphere seemed to have settled in the Ritz crackers. There was nothing else in the house to put anchovy paste on, and so she used them. The Coopers said how good the canapés were, but more than half of them remained uneaten.

Walter made a second round of drinks and then drew Mr. Cooper off to the farthest corner of the room, where they began complaining together about the narrow turnoff from Route 7 onto the new bridge over the railroad tracks at Wilton Center. The two women were left stranded on the sofa.

Mrs. Cooper returned to the subject of Mexico. She described the food, which wasn't as hot as she had thought it was going to be, and the costumes, and the lights which she had thought were stars but which turned out to be houses all the way up the mountainsides, and the way the Indians suspended themselves from trees by ropes in order to cultivate their tiny, precipitous fields.

All that Agnes had to offer in return was a trip to Chicago, which hadn't turned out very well. Walter had had to go there on business and so all three of them went and Boyce got a streptococcus throat and they had to give him sulfanilamide. When she finished telling about it, Walter came over and made them a fresh drink, and then it was time to take Boyce's supper out of the oven. Mrs. Cooper went into the kitchen with Agnes and Boyce.

Halfway through his supper, Boyce grew drowsy and lost all interest in food. He leaned on one elbow and looked at Mrs. Cooper intently and said, "Why don't you go in the other room?"

"Because I came out here to keep you company," she said.

"I don't need company," he said. And then, after a slight hesitation, "Your hair's messy."

"Boyce!" Agnes exclaimed, and lifted him out of his chair and hustled him off upstairs.

THOUGH he leaned against her while she was putting his pajamas on and buried his head in the hollow of her neck, she didn't soften toward him. She couldn't. Not after what had happened in the kitchen. Because the whole thing had been deliberate, an interruption created so that he wouldn't be obliged to finish his supper. At seven, he knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it, from her and from everybody else, and where she'd get the strength to fight him the next fifteen years she did not know.

When she brought him downstairs in his blue bathrobe and fleece-lined slippers, with his hair slicked down, he looked and acted like an angel. He went straight to Mrs. Cooper and shook hands with her lightly, lingering a moment to look into her eyes. It was as if he were trying to make up for the fact that she had no little boy of her own, and it worked like a charm. He went to Mr. Cooper next, and then he ran and kissed his father.

"Good night, son," Walter said. "Sleep tight," and slapped him gently on the behind. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

•

APPLE PICKERS

They are walking lonesome up the south road,
Their leathery faces turned to the low, wide trees,
And the farmer calls them into the reddening orchard,
Every last one he sees.

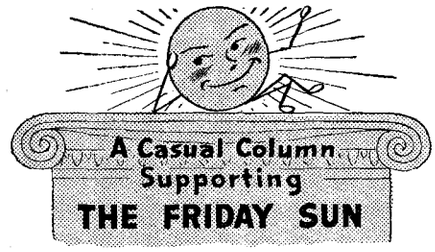
They lift the ladders to their certain pointing—
Two fingers each to the mist-encircled sun;
They beat the barrelheads to syncopation
Till the day's whole stint is done.

Only at noon comes stillness for an hour
To spread across the fields in shimmering waves.
Then apples roll again from swollen pick bags,
Dull thundering on the staves.

On Saturday they load the truck with barrels,
Ride gay astride them all the way to town,
But girls wave from the porches by the depot
And they shyly shinny down.

When the late button clicks, puts out the street lights,
And front doors close on shadows down the walk,
Folks snug in bed hear pickers hollering homeward,
And it's no sort of talk.

The night freight, screaming, couples their piled loadings,
Grinds past the crossing, car by groaning car,
While sudden plumps from full, high-hanging branches
A windfall star. —CARL CARMER



NEANDERTHAL man would have given his best stone ax to know what was going on in the world beyond his valley. Modern man finds it easy to get news of the whole world—especially when he reads a publication like The Friday Sun.

This distinctive newspaper informs and entertains on a fascinating variety of subjects. It reports world news with the same accuracy and thoroughness as the regular daily issues of The New York Sun. And it ranges widely through the arts, sports and hobbies. Many of its special features run a page or more. Highlights:

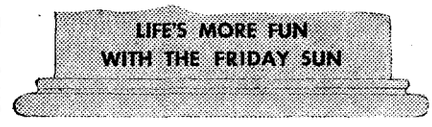
SPORTS. About the only sport you won't find in The Sun is jousting (and that went out with the knights). Sports Editor Wilbur Wood has specialists covering virtually everything else. Frank Graham, Grantland Rice, Lawrence Perry and George Trevor are only a few of The Sun's all-star sports writers. And in the Fall The Sun has the largest football staff of any American newspaper!

ANTIQUES. If you think that antiquarians are grey-bearded fussbudgets, you just haven't read The Sun's Antiques Pages. Collectors today are hobbyists extraordinary, actively interested in everything from sheet music covers to toby jugs. Famed Charles Messer Stow makes these pages consistently good reading, as varied as a museum but infinitely livelier.

PEDIGREED DOGS. Every dog has his day when his owner reads The Sun's pedigreed pet pages. They are edited with no bark but plenty of bite by Arthur Roland, past winner of the Dog Writers' Association medal. Your dog will be prouder of you if you keep up with his world each week.

WHERE TO DINE. Gastronomically, Manhattan is as big and varied as the world. And you'll know where to find just what you want with this page as your guide. Remember, too, that you're always welcome at the Where To Dine Bureau in The Sun Building, the city's most popular service for diners-out at restaurants, hotels, night spots. Just phone or call in person. No charge, of course.

Three cents a week is little enough to pay for any one of these top-flight features. The Friday Sun brings you dozens each week!



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BAKED HAM Is Truly Delicious- With Zesty HEINZ MUSTARD

2 KINDS—BROWN AND YELLOW

57 MAKES GOOD MEATS TASTE BETTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Miss Swanson Drops In.

SOMEWHAT thin picnic fare seems to be the order of things this week. I don't suppose it is necessary to work up a tantrum because we are not being served any very substantial dishes, and doubtless we should be grateful for what there is and remember the poor Eskimos, the nomads of the desert, and the wild tribes of the jungles, who have never seen a film in their lives. I myself, in fact, find several items to mention with pleasure.

There is, for instance, the sudden reappearance in public life of Gloria Swanson, after years and years and years spent, one imagines, in mystical reflection. In very good temper, Miss Swanson makes her bow in a polite comedy called "Father Takes a Wife" and, with Adolphe Menjou as a respectable escort, reveals quite a humorous turn of mind. Mystical reflection, or whatever it may have been, has evidently persuaded her to stress the comic rather than italicize such sinister matters as glamour, romantic dalliance, and exotic beauty. She is amusing, perhaps a bit sharp, and the lines and situations arranged for her in this trifle suit her mood. We are told here of what may happen to an elderly widower who weds a famous actress—an idea which can be a nightmare to the next of kin of many a lonely Croesus. His priggish son and daughter-in-law try, though beset by every apprehension, to tide the poor old things over the reefs of early matrimony. A youthful tenor gets mixed up in the affair and sidetracks the plot at times, yet the general tone is vivacious and should refresh many no longer in their first youth.

IF we are to take the scenes in "Sun Valley Serenade" as being anything like authentic shots of the Idaho resort, the sporting set certainly does well by itself out there. I have a suspicion the movie people thought up that little taxi, a cart drawn by dogs, which they show meeting the trains, but possibly it is all true. Sonja Henie skates and skis to such great triumphs that her jealous rival can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. The skating and the skiing

GALA RETURN ENGAGEMENT

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PLANTERS' PUNCH
ONE OF SOUR (1 part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET (2 parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG (3 parts Myers's Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK (4 parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

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constitute the prize pickings in this conglomeration, though Glenn Miller's orchestra demands considerable attention. Neither the general wit nor the story does more than pad out the piece, and they should be overlooked as much as possible.

MLLE. DANIELLE DARRIEUX, who has certainly not been in retirement, turns up in a drama about the Russo-Japanese War and the siege of Port Arthur. "I Give My Life" must be an old film found in some wornout stocking, for the pace is sluggish and the Mademoiselle has given her eyebrows an Asiatic slant and adopted the mask-like look of the very young being wicked. She dies in her lover's arms, the two of them on a sinking ship and the water rising slowly about them—a predicament to which the tender passion makes them oblivious.

THE movies continue our military training in "Parachute Battalion," a course not meant for the weak-kneed. A few young actors assert themselves on occasion, but the valuable performers, I should say, are the men of the 501st Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning. Of course, the actors stir up special rumpuses, go berserk in the plane, refusing to pop out when told, and later prove themselves peculiarly heroic, but the picture is at its best when it is methodical and matter-of-fact and closer to Fort Benning than to Hollywood.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Family: A Journal of Social Case Work*]

Dr. Levey writes: "I would describe the transference as a friendship between client and therapist, but one differing from all others in the features that, on the client's side, its unconscious unreasonable elements, consisting of the wish for love in the face of distrust of the loved one, anxieties, and defensiveness—defenses against anxiety—are all encouraged to more frank expression; that lesser quantities of the same unconscious tendencies plus the wish to help the client exist as counter-transference in the therapist who, presumably, consciously understands and rationally controls them; and that the sum of emotional tendencies which flows between therapist and client constitutes a transference of feelings which is interpersonal, the qualities of which the client always intuits correctly, and whose dynamic features endow the medium of the relationship with a plasticity which makes possible an art and science of treatment at conscious levels."

A direct New York-Panama radiotelephone circuit now forms an important new link between the United States and the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone.

The cost of a three-minute weekday conversation between New York and Panama is only $9. And on Sunday, only $6. Telephoning overseas is as easy as any other Long Distance call. Use your own home or office telephone as usual. If you plan ahead, you'll be surprised to find how much you can cover in a three-minute conversation.

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THE English may change, but somehow they will always contrive to produce novels like H. W. Freeman's "His Own Place." It's rather a satisfactory thought, too, for such novels, simple celebrations of England's yeomanry, bear reassuring witness to the permanence and solidity of her oaken heart. "His Own Place" is no great shakes as a work of art, but it is as genuinely true to certain steadfast qualities of the English character as is "Robinson Crusoe"—which, by the way, it somewhat resembles.

Mr. Freeman, a Suffolk man to the very pith and marrow of his bones, tells the tale of Joss Elvin, just such another Suffolk man. It's a short narrative, though the time span arches from 1884 to 1938. Joss, bred as a farmer, has a go at London life (chucker-out in a pub), finds it unsatisfactory, returns to Suffolk, takes over an abandoned farm, subdues it with grit and muscle, grows old, loses the farm to a rival, and starts all over again as a seller of metal junk. There's nothing to the story as far as plot goes, but the country characters have a healthy smack of reality, and England's indestructible rural culture, its songs and sayings and rough wit, is given loving illumination. It seems an odd time for such a book to appear, but, on second thought, perhaps it's not odd at all. The English yeoman has seen many wars come and go and he has always continued to produce Joss Elvins. Buckingham Palace and all that goes with it is not proof against bombs. But perhaps Joss Elvin is.

"HE was a bold man that first eat an oyster," said Jonathan Swift in one of his rare moments of admiration for the human race. Men have grown bolder since that pioneer among the bivalves. They eat their oysters raw or cooked, baked or fried, in or out of soup, bisqued or debisqued, as stuffing or as stew. They eat them good and they eat them bad. The oyster is one of the lesser evidences of mankind's perennial adventurousness. Or it may be that man

"I'm not promising anything, mind you, but there's just a bare chance I can get you in the Futurity."

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verse, to the Seventy-second Street drive, a distance of fifteen hundred feet. It is, by intention, not parallel to any of the borders of the Park, the designers having desired to avoid too much symmetry. The Mall terminates at the northern end in the Concert Ground and is connected, by a passage under the Seventy-second Street drive, with the Terrace, on the shore of the Lake. The Bethesda Fountain, the statuary group rising out of it, and the massive Victorian design of the staircases leading up to the Seventy-second Street drive are all as they were when the Park was built, unchanged except for a modest restaurant concession which dispenses soft drinks and sandwiches to sailors and their girls.

THE Lake is the busiest body of water in the Park and, next to the Reservoir, the largest. It now reaches only from the West to the East Drive, some of its western inlets having been

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This concession, as well as [illegible] on the Harlem Meer, is operated by an elderly Greek named Peter Pappas, who also runs the lunch and soft-drink counter nearby. Pappas employs about forty-five men all the year round; in the winter they work at repairs on the rowboats and in the lunchroom, which remains open for the benefit of the ice-skaters. On an average summer day some five thousand people venture out in Pappas's

Striking northward through the Ramble, you come to Transverse No. 2 and, just beyond it, on the highest land in the Park, the romantic little building called the Belvedere. This miniature castle stands on the edge of a rocky bluff overlooking, to the north, the New Lake and the Great Lawn. The Belvedere, completed in 1872, was intended to be an observatory where

sweet peas, pinks, peonies, poppies, and violets dim but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes. Whether the Shakespeare Garden ever achieved its goal of becoming a floral concordance to Shakespeare is not a matter of record. Today, under Moses, many of the more fidgety Shakespearean blooms are gone. It is almost twenty-six years since the *Times* published a poem by Captain Edward J.

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Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after...and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country...so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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TO ALL AMERICANS

who have not been Drafted

Tonight, when the sun goes down, it will set not only on homes but on Army camps, Naval stations and defense outposts.

It will set on one and a half million young men in uniform. Most of them will be far from home. Many of them will be in places remote from towns and cities.

What their life will be like *after* the sun goes down depends largely on you.

These men need clubs...places where they can go for recreation and comfort in the evening... places where they can rest and relax and enjoy good companionship...places where they can have help and advice if they want it.

To provide such service clubs, six of America's most experienced organizations have banded together to form the U. S. O. (comprising the Y. M. C. A.; National Catholic Community Service; Salvation Army; Y.W.C.A.; Jewish Welfare Board; National Travelers Aid Association).

The U. S. O. will set up more than 360 of these clubs. The Government will supply the buildings...but to the American public belongs the responsibility of running them and financing them. The cost for the first year is estimated at $10,765,000.

So, to you who have not been drafted, we say...here is the chance you have been waiting for to aid in national defense. And if you are getting more than $21 a month yourself, see if you can't share some small part of it to make life more pleasant for those who *have* been drafted.

Will you join the army *behind* the Army? Say yes...today!

YOUR CHANCE TO SERVE—SUPPORT THE U★S★O★

Send your contribution to United Service Organizations, National Headquarters Empire State Building, New York, N.Y., or to your local U. S. O. Committee.

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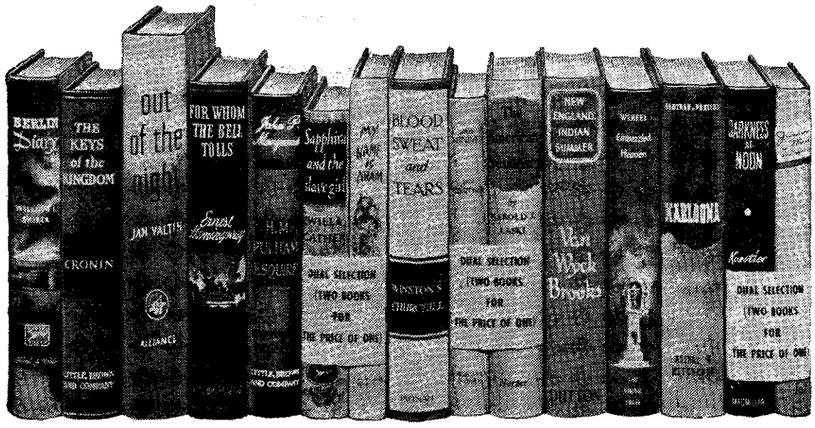

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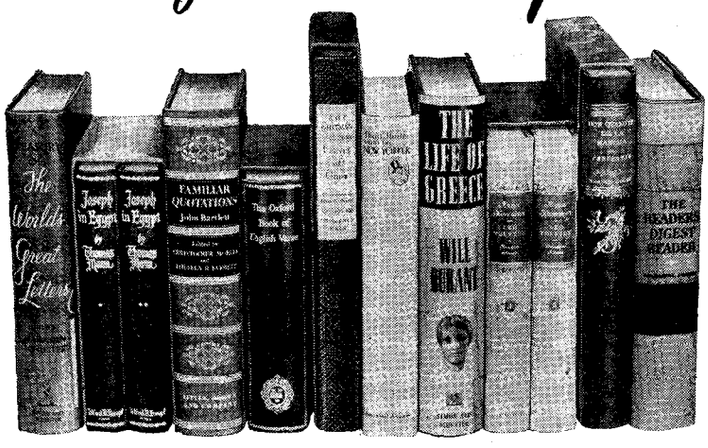

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A LIST OF BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS SHOWN ABOVE

BERLIN DIARY, *William L. Shirer*

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM *A. J. Cronin*

OUT OF THE NIGHT, *Jan Valtin*

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *Ernest Hemingway*

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE *John P. Marquand*

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS *Winston Churchill*

DARKNESS AT NOON *Arthur Koestler*

JUNIOR MISS, *Sally Benson*

KABLOONA, *Gontran de Poncins*

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL *Willa Cather*

MY NAME IS ARAM *William Saroyan*

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, *Franz Werfel*

NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER *Van Wyck Brooks*

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY *Harold J. Laski*

MRS. MINIVER, *Jan Struther*

OVER ONE MILLION BOOK-READERS USE THIS SENSIBLE SERVICE

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Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club. You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

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In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the books listed above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

These books can be given because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.

During 1940 close to $5,000,000 worth of free books (figured at retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold! You pay no yearly sum to belong. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy*—and you pay for these no more than the regular retail price (frequently less) plus 10¢ to cover postage and other mailing charges. Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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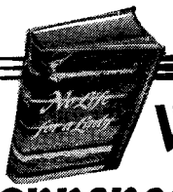

What happened then?

After beginning life the night Clay Allison shot up Cimarron and living to see all the good cowboys going into the movies, Agnes Morley Cleaveland wrote her biography and won a Houghton Mifflin Company Life-in-America award.

What happened then?

The publishers ran out of stock on publication date.

perhaps because

The *New Yorker* called it "top-notch."

No Life for a Lady

A Life-in-America Prize Book

By AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

Price $3.00

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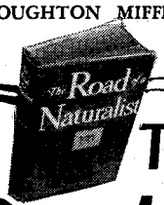


The Road of a Naturalist

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

The story of a thoughtful excursion by automobile out into the American wilds, and an excursion in thought into the nation's and the author's own past, in search of new strength for the trials of today.

"There is no one using English today who can rival him in his field, no one who possesses his unusual combination of authority, charm, and deep humanity."—*Clifton Fadiman* $3.00

A Life-in-America Prize Book

is attracted to this strange little being because it strikes a chord of memory in his subconscious, reminding him somehow of the sea, from which we have all come, and of the simple marine creatures we all once were.

At any rate, M. F. K. Fisher, who wrote the unforgettable "Serve It Forth," has now, in her small treatise, "Consider the Oyster," at last done full justice to the mild and modest mollusk. Here is his whole life, from spatdom (a spat is a baby oyster) to the Grand Central Terminal Bar. You are given full details of his ambiguous sex life (the oyster is the Tiresias of bivalves), his enemies, his pearl factory, and the varied ways in which he ends his career. Mrs. Fisher donates forty-odd recipes, but her book is more diverting than it is useful. I commend especially the candid chapter entitled "Love Was the Pearl," dealing with the fabled powers of the oyster to promote more and better venery.

ANDRÉ SIMONE's "Men of Europe" proffers a few minor revelations about Hitler and his gang, Mussolini, Franco, MacDonald, Stalin, Churchill, Baldwin, and the Balkan fakers swept into oblivion by the Nazi broom. Simone (it's an assumed name) is apparently an influential European journalist who hews pretty close to the Stalin party line. He knows a lot but cuts it on the bias. This makes what he has to say interesting as political gossip but rather suspect. His book, though thoroughly readable, is a further demonstration of the superiority on practically every count of our American correspondents to even the best of the European journalists.

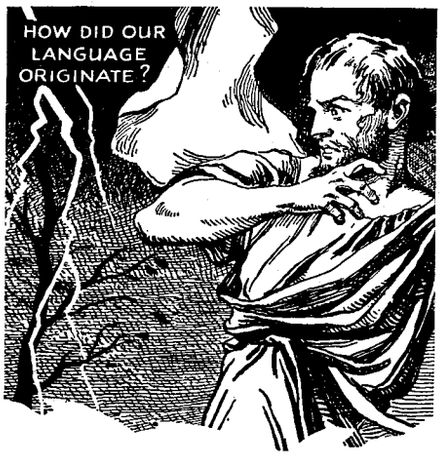
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

EVENING IN SPRING, by August Derleth. A story of first love, told with tenderness and charm. The boy is fifteen, the girl a year younger; they live in a Wisconsin town, all the neighbors know what is going on, and the pair's respective parents disapprove. Mr. Derleth relates their experience to everybody's and makes it seem touching and meaningful besides. Recommended.

THURSDAY'S CHILD, by Donald Macardle. Readable tale of an ordinary English family, that includes one pretty but dumb daughter and one "interesting" daughter, who, to her own and everyone else's astonishment, is a hit in the movies. What



Astonished

actually means thunderstruck

WHEN we trace our modern English word *astonish* back through the Middle English *astonien* and Old French *estoner,* we find its original source in Latin *ex,* "out," combined with *tonare,* "to thunder." The first meaning of *astonish* was "to stun," "to render senseless," as by a thunderbolt or a blow. But the word has lost its physical significance and now suggests great surprise, sudden fear, or wonder.

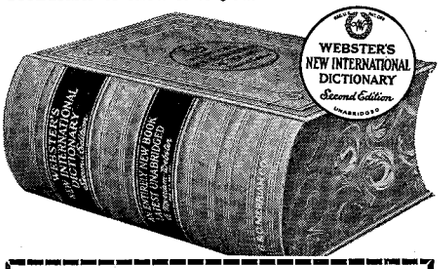
To *tantalize* is to torment with the punishment of Tantalus as told in Greek mythology. *Disaster* literally means "the stars are against you."

Thousands of the words we commonly use have interesting origins like these. To know them is to give heightened color and effectiveness to everything you write and say. You will find these word origins in "The Supreme Authority"—

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition

the Genuine Webster

Word origins are just one of the famous features of the Merriam-Webster. This great reference book goes far beyond ordinary conceptions of a dictionary. Its wealth of general information would fill a 15-volume encyclopedia. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 *more entries* than in any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. *WARNING:* The only genuine Webster is the MERRIAM-Webster. Don't be duped by so-called "Webster" dictionaries offered at fictitious "bargain" prices. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you.



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happens to the child star makes the story, which is lightly and sensibly told, and does not take place during wartime.

5:30 TO MIDNIGHT, by Ruth Willock. A smart, up-to-date piece about the advertising department of a big New York store. The shoptalk is interesting; the situations are rather cut and dried.

THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM, by David Rame. Mr. Rame piloted a small boat in and out of the port of Dunkerque during the evacuation of British troops last year. Accordingly, when in this novel about the evacuation he says that a number of participants, in spite of wounds and exhaustion, quoted Shakespeare, we probably should believe him. The whole novel is on a pretty noble plane.

THE FORTUNATE LADY, by Frank Swinnerton. Life story of a Victorian Cinderella, a girl whose mother hated her, whose sisters were jealous of her, whose husband thought she was a saint but found other girls more comfortable, and so on. Very romantic and quite incredible.

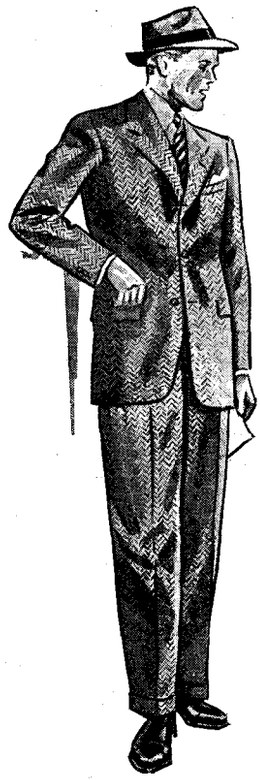
ONE RED ROSE FOREVER, by Mildred Jordan. An American historical novel, circa 1750, the hero being Baron Stiegel, who made the famous glass. Stiegel, finding late in life that success does not bring him happiness, deeds to his workmen land for a new church, asking only an annual red rose as rent. Hence the title. Tired of historical novels?

GENERAL

THE MYTH OF THE TOTAL STATE, by Guenter Reimann. In this résumé of economic events in Europe since the beginning of the century, the author suggests that the former German investing classes are hoping for a stable economy in Hitler's New Order. They won't get it, he says, because the Nazi methods of exploiting "the colonial hinterland," plus the demands of the military machine, literally eat up the available resources and call for continual fresh conquests. Includes a brief comparison of the Russian and German setups. Shrewd "introductory critique" by Max Lerner.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN, by James Agee and Walker Evans. First volume in a comprehensive study of three Alabama tenant families, though not quite what you'd expect. Mr. Evans contributes thirty-one extraordinary photographs and Mr. Agee uses verse, prose narrative, speculation, homiletics, and an almost

ROGERS PEET • AUTHENTIC UNIVERSITY FASHIONS



from Camp *to* Campus

For prep school and college men as well as their younger brothers, Rogers Peet stores in New York and Boston are convenient stopping-off places between camp and campus.

Authentic university styles—modelled after the Rogers Peet fashions featured by the famous Douglas MacDaid shops at Princeton and New Haven.

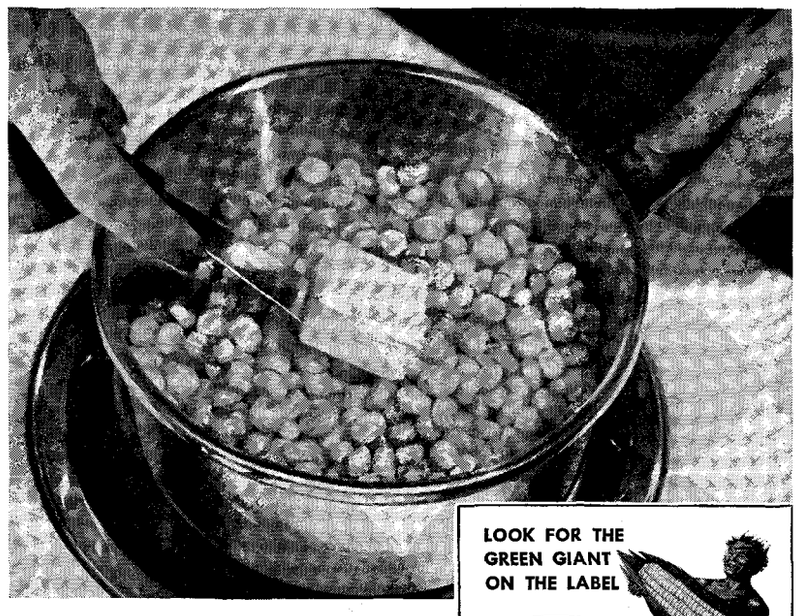
Prep Suits, sizes 12 to 17, $19.75 to $29.50. Sizes 18 to 22, $24.50 to $39.50. Shirts, $1.50 and $2. Neckties, 50¢ and $1. Wool Argyle Half Hose, $1. Boys' Shoes, from $5.50. Soft felts, $3.95 and $5.

Rogers Peet Company

Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street — 13th Street *at* Broadway — Warren Street *at* Broadway — Liberty Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

BEST WAY TO SERVE NIBLETS BRAND CORN



To keep the fresh, young-corn flavor of Niblets Brand Corn, heat it gently. Too much cooking toughens the tender skins. THE RIGHT WAY: Pour contents of can into saucepan with pat of butter. Place over medium heat, stirring several times. When butter is melted, corn will be piping hot. (4 or 5 min.). Season, and serve in hot dish.

"NIBLETS BRAND" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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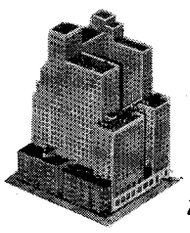

A new HOTEL awaits you in New York

This famous establishment, formerly the American Woman's Club, is now one of New York City's newest and finest hotels.

Swimming pool, "Contour Corner" for body conditioning and many floors reserved exclusively for women. Three popular priced restaurants.

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unbelievably exact physical inventory to record his subjects' lives and his own relation to them. Overdone in spots, and doesn't add up to a single effect, but superior, highly original, accurately poetic writing.

STILL ALIVE WITH LUCAS, by Helen Riehm. A German refugee couple find themselves enmeshed in the Spanish Civil War—the husband in the International Brigade, the wife as caretaker in a home for evacuated children. Touching, dramatic, and serenely, almost cheerfully, written.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CHUCKLING FINGERS, by Mabel Seeley. The Heaton family of Minnesota have quite a time of it, because some of them are lumber tycoons and others are on the mysterious side. And what at first appears to be malicious mischief turns out to be a well-planned design for murder. Recommended as Miss Seeley's best novel since "The Listening House."

RETURN TO THE SCENE, by Q. Patrick. Ivor Drake, a cad who lives in Bermuda, gets himself engaged to a nice girl. Gets himself murdered, too. His murder is solved by Major Clifford of the local police and Kay Winyard, one of Drake's former flames. Nice for readers who still believe that a man can be a cad without appearing silly.

APPLEBY ON ARARAT, by Michael Innes. Brilliant story of a group of people who land on a tropical island when their steamer is torpedoed a few days out of Australia. Appleby, Chief Detective Inspector of Scotland Yard, is one of the survivors and solves the murder of a charming member of the cast. Superbly plotted and humorously written, this is one of the outstanding mysteries of the year. And a toast to Diana Kittery, an enchanting Australian lady, a woman to love and to remember.

DEATH AND THE DANCING FOOTMEN, by Ngaio Marsh. Jonathan Royal gives one of those weird houseparties that are not a success without a good old corpse. The guests, a queer lot, are invited to Mr. Royal's home at Cloudyfield, Dorset, England, and are snowed in, as is customary at such affairs. Too wordy, but nice enough if you have the time for it.

•

And don't forget that a bathing suit with a flared skirt will hide a tendency toward happiness.

—*Washington (D.C.) Times-Herald.*

We'll try not to.

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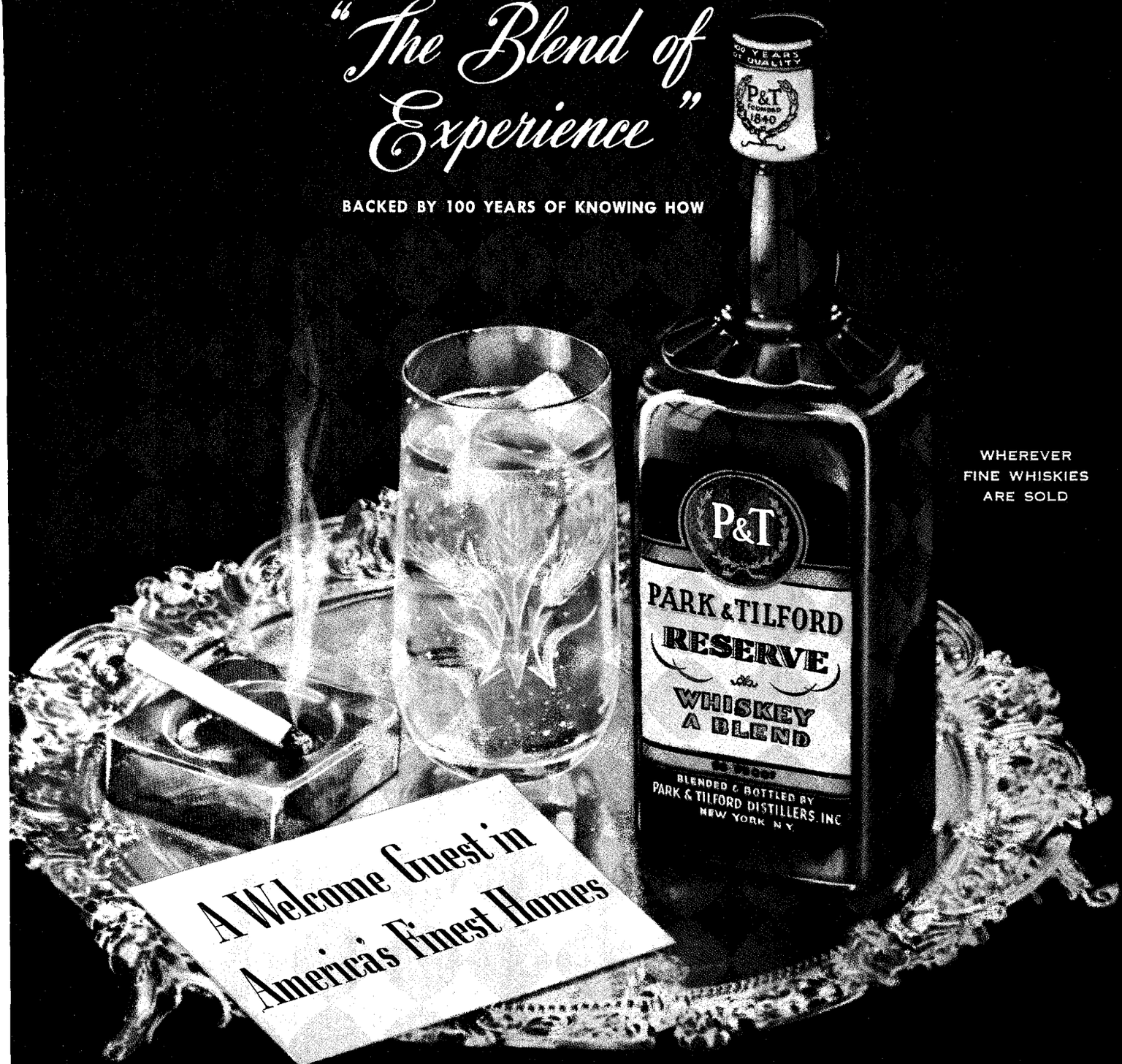

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—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

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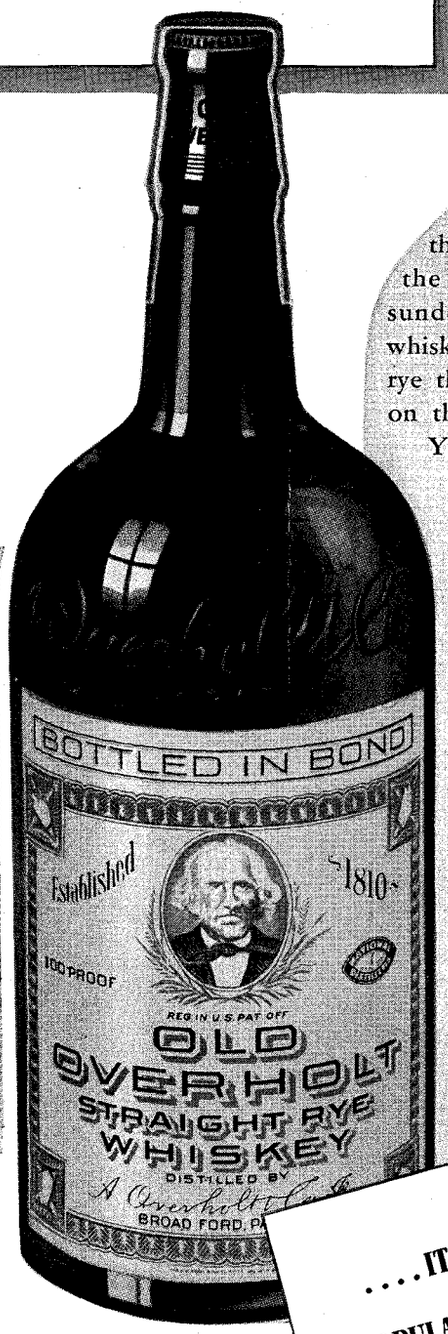
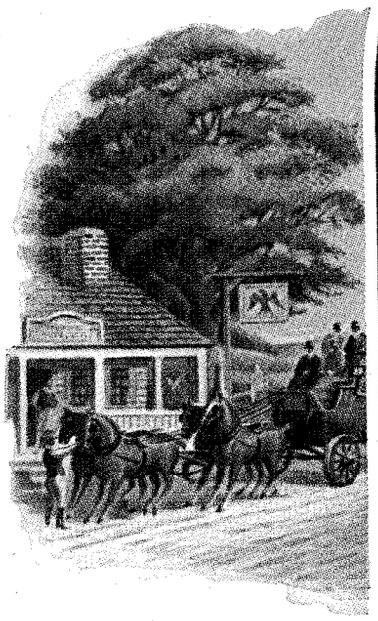
taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE

In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until





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was located on the Lancaster Pike, 17 miles west of Philadelphia, and here travelers into the western wilderness often stopped for a meal and a nip of Old Overholt.

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